

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

1955 In Hongkong

1955 has been unspectacular for Hongkong. It has at least been reasonably kind, and for this the Colony tonight will see the year out with no hard feelings. In any event tradition is strong enough to overcome prejudices and disappointments and it is safe to anticipate the New Year celebrations will be as gay and as jolly as ever.

Economically the Colony ends the calendar year in pretty much the same state as it started it: the continued entrapment recession has been largely offset by industrial expansion; money has become somewhat tighter, and undoubtedly the credit squeeze has had a sobering effect, notably on speculators; but generally speaking the Colony's economic state of health is reasonably good.

To assess the official revenue position is rather less easy, but the indications are it has fallen not far short of expectations, and that when the financial year ends next March, there will be something of a surplus, though this will principally be due to pruning in expenditure.

Politically it has been a quiet twelve months for Hongkong. Relations with the mainland have remained stable and the atmosphere along the border has been tranquil. In Hongkong itself there has been a happy absence of political agitation, labour troubles have not seriously intruded themselves, and the Colony has presented a calm and ordered appearance.

In the field of endeavour much has been accomplished. In the expansion of social services, squatter resettlement, rehousing and improved sanitation. The functions of the Urban Council have assumed a new significance and with further expansion promised, next year may well see an important step made towards municipal government.

By and large it has been a good year. Living costs have tended to become more stable, permitting more satisfactory family budgeting. There has been the usual quota of squatter fires, but none of them approaching the scale of major disasters such as Shek Kip Mei two years ago. Public health figures are acceptable. Looking back on 1955, there is much for which the Colony can feel thankful.

CYPRUS DISPUTE SOLVED—Makarios

Question Of  
Time Only  
PRELATE TO MEET  
HARDING AGAIN

Nicosia, Dec. 30.

Archbishop Makarios said tonight that he "personally" considers the Cyprus dispute with Britain "solved" and acceptance of a working solution "simply a question of time."

The Cypriot nationalist leader, in a statement to the Cyprus radio, said:

"As the people of Cyprus have taken the irrevocable decision to regain their freedom, and as the British Government has recognised the existence of a problem calling for a fair and honourable resolution, I, personally, consider the Cyprus question to be solved."

"The solution is simply a question of time." Makarios made his somewhat ambiguous statement in response to a question from a Cyprus radio correspondent. Makarios was asked to comment on reports here that new talks would begin between himself and Governor-General Sir John Harding.

It was rumoured that announcement of a settlement was about to be made and that the Archbishop would make a statement.

It was hoped any settlement would end the reign of terror against Britons who have placed this island under military control in an effort to hang on to their last Middle East stronghold.

Makarios's statement coincided with a flow of rumours that started on the return to Athens of Greek Government emissary Alexis Liatis.

Liatis conferred with both Makarios and Harding during his stay here. Some sources close to the Archbishop and his chief advisers said a peace formula had been reached and it only remained to "coat the pill" for public consumption.

Liatis, head of the diplomatic bureau of the Greek Foreign Office, arrived here on Christmas Eve.

ATHENS STATEMENT

A communique issued last Saturday said Liatis informed Makarios of the talks between Greek Foreign Minister M. Trikoupi and then British Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan in Paris.

A statement by Theodoros in Athens last night said Greece did not plan on further top level talks between Foreign Ministers and did not intend to submit the Cyprus issue to the United Nations.

(Official quarters in London said Greece intended to search for settlement with Britain

China Mail  
Feature  
Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 2: Jane Roberts picks her 10 best films of the year.

P. 5: A stolen kiss made Colonel Baker the strong man of the Balkans, by Alan Jenkins.

P. 6: The world's strangest secret society, by Terence Feely. Nonsense laws, by Michael Sutton.

P. 7: Where they PAY you to buy a car, by Evelyn Irons. The Galskell story, part II, by George Gale.

P. 8: How to be a Personality, by Thomas Wiseman.

P. 13: The great spy scandal, by Rebecca West. Russell Spurr writes on Burma today—a land of misery and discontent.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

Bulganin's  
Surprise  
Invitation

Moscow, Dec. 30.

Premier Nikolai Bulganin tonight invited top foreign diplomats to a Kremlin New Year's eve party where they will be able to discuss the implications of the Soviet attack on President Eisenhower.

It will be the first time foreigners have been included among the guests for the annual celebration.

It will also be the first direct contact between Western envoys and the Soviet leaders since Bulganin and Communist Party chief Nikita S. Khrushchev condemned the President's Christmas message to the Eastern European peoples.

Some Western Ambassadors still were uncertain about some of the points Bulganin and Khrushchev made in their addresses to the Supreme Soviet (parliament) yesterday.

QUESTIONS READY  
It is diplomatic custom here for envoys to be able to approach the Soviet leaders for informal consultations at parties and receptions. Westerners already were armed with questions to present at the New Year's celebration.

The invitation to the Kremlin party was in itself of considerable significance. Never before has foreigners been invited to see the top Soviet leaders usher in the New Year.

The invitation went to the heads of all diplomatic missions. US Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen, back from Leningrad where he saw the opening of an American production of "Porgy and Bess," was expected to join other Western envoys.—United Press.

Marijuana  
Found On Ship

London, Dec. 30.

Police found \$280,000 worth of marijuana packed into the bearing of a freighter from Rangoon, Burma, officers revealed in court today.

Inspector F. C. Northover testified that 21 pounds of the narcotic had been hidden in the propeller shaft bearings of the ss Leicestershire.

He said blocks of wood were hammered into the bearing to make it look authentic. The 25 packets of marijuana were found when the Leicestershire docked at Tilbury on the River Thames.

Northover testified at the trial of a Pakistani seaman who pleaded guilty to smuggling the marijuana. The seaman was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.—United Press.

Death Toll Rises

San Francisco, Dec. 30.

The death toll in the California floods rose to 47 today as rescue workers found more victims.—Reuter.

Cheers All Round  
For Marshall  
& Abdul Rahman

Singapore, Dec. 31.

Newspapers and the man-in-the street in Malaya last night united in congratulating the chief ministers of Malaya and Singapore on their stand against Malaya's Communist terrorists.

The general view was that the outcome of the Baling "peace" talks this week was that they had clearly demonstrated who were the lovers of peace and who were against the people.

English and vernacular newspapers of Malaya generally took the line that Tengku Abdul Rahman and Mr David Marshall, chief ministers of Malaya and Singapore, and Sir Cheng Lock Tan, president of the Malayan Chinese Association, who faced the Communists at the talks, had, rightly, taken a very firm stand at a crucial point in Malaya's history.

The Nanyang Siang Pau, a Chinese newspaper, wrote: "From our stand as Malayan people we wish to offer this sincere advice to the MCP: during the past seven years the MCP under their policy of armed struggle, has written down a bloody record in causing much loss of life and property to the Malayan people who cannot be expected all at once to forget such atrocities."

Another Chinese newspaper, commenting on the talks, said: "Even if the MCP were dissolved and not allowed to form a new party, the law would not be able to prevent party members from joining other legitimate parties or, worse still, from forming a new party by utilizing puppets."

AMPLE GRACE

The Straits Times in an editorial says: "The decision to end the amnesty on February 8 gives the Communists ample grace."

"As all surrender terms are to be withdrawn, the next 40 days quite literally will be fearful. The failure of the amnesty has disguised the fact that the number of surrenders has risen this year. The total is 245 compared with 210 last year. But the surrender rate was not increased by the increased tempo of operations together may bring a change. The terrorist who has had enough of it has a better chance to escape his comrades when the pressure is on, while the deadline will give him an incentive."

The Singapore Tiger Standard, a Chinese-owned English language newspaper, says in an editorial today that the failure of the talks clears all doubts that Chin Peng, leader of Malaya's Communists, is more securely tied to the apron strings of the dictators in Peking than was believed.

OTHER REACTIONS

Typical man-in-the-street comment was as follows: "Congratulations to the Tengku and Mr Marshall. Although Marshall spoke less I think he hit the nail on the head when he told Chin Peng to get off his pedestal."

US Will  
Hold On To  
Okinawa

Washington, Dec. 30.

The United States plan to hold Okinawa Island, off Japan, for many more years, Mr Walter Brucker, Army Secretary, told a press conference today.

The island, he said, was one of the strategic strongholds on the Pacific perimeter and since it faced continental China, must remain very strong for the future.

Mr Brucker, who visited the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy near Formosa during a tour of the Pacific from which he has just returned, said it did not look as though the Chinese Communists were preparing an attack on the Nationalist Islands, nor did there seem any sign of the Communist Chinese trying to find out what the United States would do if they attack these islands.

FOUR POINTS

Mr Brucker made the following further points:

1. Air control over Quemoy could only be held by Communist Chinese at the cost of heavy losses.

2. The Nationalist Chinese are straining at the leash, feel they are bound hand and foot, and declare they are ready to undertake any mission.

3. American forces stationed on the dividing line between North and South Korea are prepared against any Communist aggressive action.

4. Okinawa's defences are mobile and in a constant state of alert. They include the 280 millimetre atomic gun.—France Press.

NEW BORDER CLASH

London, Dec. 30.

Israel radio claimed tonight that Egyptian and Israeli patrols had fired on each other for two hours today along the Gaza strip.

The radio said, the clash in which no casualties were reported was the result of a new Egyptian "aggression" against Israel.

The radio quoting an Israeli army spokesman said this morning Egyptian outposts along the Gaza strip opened mortar and machine gun fire on an Israeli patrol moving along the armistice line in the Kissufin area.

"The patrol returned the fire and continued on its way" the radio said.

"After some time, the Egyptians renewed their attack firing mortars and using an anti-aircraft gun and the exchange continued for two hours."—Reuter.

BIG GATHERING BIDS  
FAREWELL  
TO GENERAL SUGDEN

A large and distinguished assemblage including members of Executive and Legislative Councils and Service Commanders and their ladies bid farewell to Lieutenant-General Sir Cecil Sugden, KCB, CBE, Commander, British Forces, Hongkong, and Lady Sugden, at Queen's Pier this morning.

Sir Cecil and Lady Sugden afterwards left for Kai Tak in the General's barge, escorted by three Royal Navy gunboats.

General Sugden has been appointed the new Commander-in-Chief of Allied Forces in Northern Europe.

A guard of honour was provided by the First Battalion of The King's Own Regiment under the command of Capt. L. H. Nash. The guard was drawn up in smart formation in front of the Pier with the Regimental Band under the direction of Bandmaster Russell biding up a position to the rear.

Shortly before 8 a.m. General Sugden arrived at the Pier escorted by a Police motor cycle squad. He was accompanied by Lady Sugden, and attended by his ADC.

GENERAL SALUTE

On arrival at the Pier, General Sugden was given the General Salute, after which he inspected the guard of honour.

General and Lady Sugden then said farewell to their well-wishers before embarking on the barge for Kai Tak.

Among the distinguished gathering were Brigadier R. H. Bellamy (Deputy Commander, Land Forces, Hongkong), Commodore J. H. Unwin (Commodore-in-Charge, Hongkong), Air Commodore A. D. Messenger (Air Officer Commanding), H.E. the Governor's ADC (Mr R. W. Williams), the Hon. J. M. Hogan (Chief Justice), the Hon. Arthur Hooton, QC, the Hon. B. C. K. Hawkins, the Hon. A. G. Clarke, the Hon. T. L. Bowring, the Hon. K. C. Yee, the Hon. D. R. Holmes, the Hon. Sir Man-kan Lo, the Hon. T. N. Chau, the Hon. Leo Alameda, QC, the Hon. Michael Turner, the Hon. John Keswick, Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, the Hon. M. W. Lo, the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, the Hon. Dhun Ruttonjee, the Hon. Cedric Blaker, the Hon. Kwok Chan, Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodriguez, Mr A. C. Maxwell (Commis-

FAMED POET  
KILLED

Melbourne, Dec. 30.

Rex Ingamells, 42, regarded as one of Australia's greatest poets, was killed today near Dimboola, Victoria, when his car overturned, crushing him against the steering wheel.

His son, Spencer, 10, was taken to hospital with head and back injuries.

Ingamells was best known for "Great South Land", an 8,000-word novel in verse which won the Australian Literature Society's Gold Medal for 1951.

—United Press.

Compton Has An  
Operation

London, Dec. 30.

Denis Compton, the England and Middlesex cricketer, tonight underwent a minor abdominal operation and his condition was afterwards stated to be completely satisfactory.

Compton had entered hospital, where he had his right knee cap removed last month, earlier in the day. He will remain in hospital for another week or ten days.—China Mail Special.

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San Francisco  
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# KING'S

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW  
AND MONDAY

"TO HELL AND BACK"

EXTRA DAILY MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.

## KING'S \* PRINCESS

TO-DAY

The true-life story of America's most decorated hero... **AUDIE MURPHY**

**TO HELL AND BACK**

TECHNICOLOR

**AUDIE MURPHY**

... MARSHALL THOMPSON - CHARLES DRAKE - JACQUES PREYER - JACK KELLY

... JESSE LUGGS - ... ... ...

## PRINCESS

EXTRA SHOWS TO-MORROW

At 11.00 a.m.  
A Combined Programme of Technicolor Cartoons  
"MIGHTY MOUSE" "DONALD DUCK" Etc. Etc.  
presented by RKO-DISNEY & 20th CENTURY-FOX

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

At 12.10 p.m.  
Dosani & Desai present A Superb Indian Film

## "TEEN SARDAR"

Starring Ranjana — Mahipal — Mangla — Kesri  
Directed by Sadar Joshi — Music by Sham Kambale

At Regular Prices

MONDAY, JANUARY 2, AT 11.30 A.M.

Columbia presents

Glenn Ford • Barbara Stanwyck • Edward G. Robinson  
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Life-Inspired Drama!  
From Lurid Chicago's  
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**DORIS DAY-JAMES CAGNEY**

**Love Me Or Leave Me**

... CINEMASCOPE ...

... CAMERON MITCHELL - ROBERT KATH - TOM TULLY ...

## 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

FIRST MATINEE AT 12.00 NOON

HOLIDAY MATINEE MONDAY: REDUCED ADMISSION

**HOOVER AT 12.00**  
"TARZAN & HIS MATE"  
Johnny Weissmuller  
Maureen O'Sullivan

**LIBERTY AT 12.30**  
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"  
Ann Blyth  
Edmund Purdom

## ORIENTAL

4-Track Directional Stereophonic Sound—Wide Screen

HOWARD HAWKS  
**LAND OF THE PHAROHS**

... CINEMASCOPE ...

... JACK HAWKINS - JOAN COLLINS - JEWEL MARY - ALEXIS MINOTIS ...

... MONDAY ...

... 12.30 - 2.30 - 5.30 - 7.30 - 9.30 ...

... "LAND OF THE PHAROHS" ...

# THE 10 BEST FILMS OF THE YEAR

Selected By Jane Roberts



AND HERE THEY ARE:—

A Star Is Born

East Of Eden  
Seven Brides For Seven Brothers

Mr Roberts

Carmen Jones

Marty

The Country Girl

Bad Day At Black Rock

The Dam Busters

Gate Of Hell

TO pick the ten best films of the year is always a risky business. The shrieks of scorn and derision with which the critic's choice is received provoke even the mildest tempered into the rejoinder "Well, to me they are!"

Not being in the latter category, I am prepared to do battle with any misguided beings who do not agree with my selections—the weapons, at this time of goodwill to be not more lethal than sharp words.

★ For a start, "A Star Is Born." The remarkable performance of Judy Garland could not have been bettered by any other actress. It was nothing to do with the fact that this picture was the vehicle chosen for her return to the screen. Her acting was superlatively good and stood on its merits alone. James Mason's supporting role was one of his best ever, and the picture was well directed and edited.

★ As the second, "East Of Eden." In spite of his youthful Garbo tricks, James Dean was a great loss to the screen. He has already proved that he was a good actor—with more experience he would probably have become a great one. His death a few months ago deprived both the theatre and the cinema of a dynamic yet thoughtful personality and whatever he did in his private life was entirely his own business with no bearing on his professional career. However, "East Of Eden" is not only to be commended for the presence in it of James Dean, Julie Harris showed that a plain face is often more of an asset in the acting field than is a pretty one. Unconcerned with which profile must be kept to the camera, the former can

concentrate on the business in hand. Raymond Massey too contributed to my enjoyment of the picture and Jo Van Fleet's performance as the complex mother of the boy is one of my memories of the year.

★ In third place, "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers." The best musical of the year ripped along at a terrific pace, had an unusual story, and brought a new dancing personality to the fore in Russ Tamblyn.

★ As fourth, "Mr Roberts." This I would have placed higher had it not depended to such a great extent on Henry Fonda. The supporting actors were all accomplished and at the time of its release I was wildly enthusiastic, having it marked down for 1st place in this "Ten Best" review. However, in spite of excellent support from William Powell, Jack Lemmon and James Cagney, there was a slight sense of telegraphing about it: a series of events revolving around the Mr Roberts of the title appearing to have been stretched a little too far.

its photography alone, but also because of the delicacy of its story. Nothing so far has eclipsed "Rashomon" (I am talking of oriental and continental films alone, excluding British and American for the moment) but "Gate Of Hell" possessed many of the fine qualities of the earlier picture.

In the margin of the list of 20 from which I picked the winners, my rough notes include a tribute to Paul Scott's for "That Lady," a pat on the back for "Hit The Deck," as being nearly as punchy a musical as "Seven Brides" and some kind thoughts about the makers of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" for having resisted the temptation to make the Jules Verne classic too flamboyant, treating the schoolboyish tale with sensitive imagination.

"Rear Window" nearly made the top ten, but my notes to myself tell me I found it too cramped, while "The Constant Husband," though excellent in its way, had limited appeal. "The Living Desert" found a place for breathtaking scenery and a loving observance of the ways of animals. "The Black Widow" for its glossiness and well kept secret, and I also awarded mental marks to "Track of the Cat" and "The Woman For Joe" because of their unusual stories.

1955 has not been a very exciting year for pictures, there have been the usual run of starlets and new male stars who went off like rockets in January, only to fizzle long before the fifth of November and a spattering of steady workers whose ability appeared to increase. I can think of nobody who towers above all others as the screen personality of the year, however, and look forward to 1956 to improve this state of affairs.

★ Of the others in the first ten, I liked "Marty" for its candour and the high standard of acting of the entire cast. Other critics have placed it higher than sixth on the basis of Ernest Borgnine's performance alone. However, I found it too sordid, and not exciting enough to take precedence over any of the previous five.

★ "The Country Girl" was undoubtedly well made and all three principals—Grace Kelly, Bing Crosby and William Holden—put up a good show. It's in seventh position because happy-go-lucky Bing was still fleetingly visible behind the drunken, self-pitying fellow he was supposed to be, and Miss Kelly has to be very very good indeed to overcome the chilliness that seems to envelop her like a fog.

★ "Bad Day At Black Rock" was remarkable for the performance of Spencer Tracy. With an absence of histrionics he dealt quietly but commandingly with a bunch of rowdies all the more dangerous because their mistrust of him was based on fear and their inferior intelligence.

★ I have included "The Dam Busters" because it was an episode that occurred during the war, presented without mock heroics but without that under-statement that in British pictures is becoming a little dated. Also of course for the superb performance of Michael Redgrave as Dr. Wallis, the scientist who designed the bouncing bomb used in the Ruhr valley. "Gate Of Hell" has got in, not on the merits of

# QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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THE MOST NOTORIOUS  
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**BAD BOY**

A FALL SHORT PRODUCTION

LLOYD JAMES  
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1st January (SUNDAY) "DUEL IN THE JUNGLE" in Technicolor  
Jeanne Dana David  
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Owing to length of picture please note change of times:  
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HERE COMES THE SAGA OF THE TALL MEN  
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A BRAND NEW VARIETY PROGRAMME OF  
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First Time to be shown in Hong Kong

All in Cinemascope & Technicolor

Presented by 20th Century-Fox

Reduced Admission

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

VISTAVISION

JAMES STEWART ALLYSON

**Strategic Air Command**

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

FRANK LOVELLOY - ALEX NICOL - GARRY SULLIVAN - BRUCE BENNETT

Produced by SAMUEL E. BRUSHKIN. Directed by ANTHONY MANN

Screenplay by VALENTINE DAYTON and BEATRICE LAY. Story by Robert Lay, Jr. A Paramount Picture

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

Paramount presents "HOUND IN"

RKO Radio presents "SWORD & THE ROSE"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

## The New Films At A Glance

EMPIRE: "Bad Boy" Juvenile delinquency. Audie Murphy, Lloyd Nolan and James Gleason.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "To Hell and Back" True-life story of Audie Murphy during the war. HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Love Me or Leave Me" A very good musical. Doris Day, James Cagney and Cameron Mitchell.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "A Man Alone" A western. Ray Milland, Mary Murphy and Ward Bond.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Nana" Martine Carol is Zola's temptress and Charles Boyer the seducer. ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Tall Men" Clark Gable, Robert Russell and Robert Ryan.



## MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30  
& 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow Morning Show  
At 12.30 p.m.  
— Reduced Prices —  
"DON WINSLOW OF THE  
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## SEE THE GLAMOUR OPERA!

at 8.00 p.m. **LEE Theatre** TO-NIGHT

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## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

A NEW MAYFLOWER WILL  
CROSS THE ATLANTIC

Brixham. The first rib of the good ship Mayflower was put on the keel last week. Work is coming along fine, but the man who is building the ship could do with less advice from historians of the American colonial days.

## Gift To America

The Mayflower II, a replica of the tiny three-master that carried the pilgrims to New England in 1620, is being built in Upham's ancient shipyard in this

small fishing village 250 miles west of London. Next July 4 the new Mayflower will sail from Plymouth to the United States where the \$25,000 ship will be presented to America as a gift from the British people.

The builder is Stuart Upham, a weatherbeaten Devonshire man whose family has turned out wooden ships in these same yards for 150 years. He and his engineers have done painstaking research on the Mayflower and shipbuilding of 300 years ago and they have had no shortage of suggestions.

"These b... historians," said Upham. "They give me a ruddy pain. They say the ship must be accurate in every detail and the voyage must be exactly as it was in 1620."

## Constipation Fear

"Mind you, it should be accurate. But you just can't make these people go across in the same conditions as those others, I mean, they were in a hurry to get away and they just

picked out an old second-hand ship and off they went.

"I tell these historians that if the voyage is just the same, everybody aboard will have two weeks of constipation because of the hardback. That puts them back a bit."

"And then we would have to take care of scurvy. And, of course, there would have to be about six deaths aboard. When I finish saying that, they think a bit."

Upham has 25 men working on the Mayflower. Three or four work at one time, using the ancient tools and methods of shipbuilders long ago. The yard is piled high with tons of tree trunks brought from the forests of Devon. The hull will be of solid West of England oak and Upham would have it no other way.

"We know now where the hotspots are," Upham said. "It's in the rigging mostly. No one knows how these old ships were rigged. But the actual building, that isn't hard. I mean to say, shipbuilding hasn't changed much in all that time."

By February the planking will go on and the ship will begin to look like the first Mayflower.

## Rough Crossing

No one has done much about the interior design. The old Mayflower had one big room where everyone slept. But Upham is all for putting in modern cabins. He predicts that the crossing, which will take between one and two months, will be rough.

But whatever happens one of the 20th Century pilgrims aboard the Mayflower II will be Stuart Upham.—United Press.

What Migrants  
Have Done  
For Australia

Melbourne. With 1,000,000 postwar immigrants in hand, Australia is now looking for her second million.

The arrival recently of Australia's "millionth", Mrs Barbara Porritt, from Yorkshire, was the occasion of some stock-taking among Government, press and public, for it is estimated that each immigrant requires a national investment of £2,500 before he becomes productive.

On the credit side, however, these benefits, derived from immigration, were listed:

★ 45 per cent of the postwar increase in population;  
★ 75 per cent of the growth in the postwar working force;

★ Production bottlenecks broken;

★ An increase of nearly 1,000,000 tons a year in ingot steel;

★ A saving in overseas balances for steel of £272,000,000 a year;

★ Increased availability of steel iron wire for housing and primary producers;

★ Increased of 81 per cent in electric power generation.

Mr Harold Holt, the Minister for Immigration, said the increased labour force had made possible the building of steel plants and country roads, and the development of the great rural industries as well as stepping up factory production.

On the great Snowy Mountains hydro-electric power project, in the Australian Alps, immigrant labour in the different sections varied from 52 per cent to 90 per cent, while on the Eldon Weir, in Victoria, 65 per cent of the workers were immigrants; on the Rocklands Dam, 50 per cent and on the Morwell brown coal gasification, 80 per cent.

Railways, new industrial undertakings such as the aluminium production scheme in Tasmania, the oil refineries in Western Australia, Victoria and New South Wales have all drawn heavily on immigrant labour.—China Mail Special.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Henry made a New Year resolution to get along with people—I must admit he's getting along fine with that one he's been dancing with all evening!"

COMMERCIAL TV ADS  
ARE JUST  
TOO TOO ENGLISH!

London. For years travellers have been coming back from across the Atlantic with horror stories about American television commercials.

That urgent, strident selling must not happen here, they said. So when commercial television came to Britain about three months ago, it was with the idea of coaxing and suggesting where an American might insist and demand.

Cultured, pearl-shaped vowels cooed soothingly from the little screen.

For example, Whiffington-Joneses crumpets were not dinged across the living room as power-packed with vitamins, completely calorie-free and with the heartburn removed by a new exclusive process. Too American.

## Utterly British

"Do try Whiffington-Joneses crumpets," was the utterly British approach. "You will enjoy them."

Well, it was certainly different—may be too much so. For commercial television recently cut some of its advertising rates. This can only mean that the customers aren't buying enough of what the well-bred ladies and gentlemen of British commercial TV are selling.

The tendency here is to blame it all on the provincialism of the commercial. But you have to sell your customers, and you have to sell them, and wouldn't

it be ironic if that vulgar American method turned out right after all?

Although it is losing an estimated £5,000 a day, British commercial TV is a fairly healthy baby. Its officials said they expected to lose money at the start, battling against the well-entrenched BBC which is supported by the £3 annual licence from every one of the nation's 6,000,000 setowners.

## Americans Popular

But it seems amusing to Americans that the competition between the two British networks might hinge, on which one manages to buy the most U.S. programmes or programme ideas.

Commercial television bought "I Love Lucy." The BBC countered with "I Married Joan."

Commercial TV has "Beat the Clock" and "Double or Nothing." The BBC has "What's My Line" and "Amos and Andy."

Commercial television has just announced the adventures of "Dennis." Its biggest audience show, "Sunday Night at the Palladium," has been picked with Americans were visiting here—Bob Hope, Johnny Ray and Guy Williams.—United Press.

'We Can't  
Set The World  
On Fire'

London. Nobody can set the world on fire, a British physicist said in an article published this month. Professor Maurice Pryce, who took over the Theoretical Physics Division at Britain's Harwell Atomic Establishment, dismisses conventions by some scientists that an atomic explosion could set fire to the earth's atmosphere and thus destroy every living thing in the world.

Writing in the Scientific Journal "Discovery," Dr Pryce argues that however powerful the trigger mechanism—in the form of a man-made bomb—the ordinary hydrogen in the atmosphere and oceans would be dispersed before it could catch fire.

Dr Pryce also notes that nuclear reactions in the stars need very high temperatures and pressures and even then energy is released over eons and not in an explosion.

Furthermore, the hydrogen bomb works only because it is made of carefully selected materials, which have to be greatly concentrated by elaborate industrial processes.

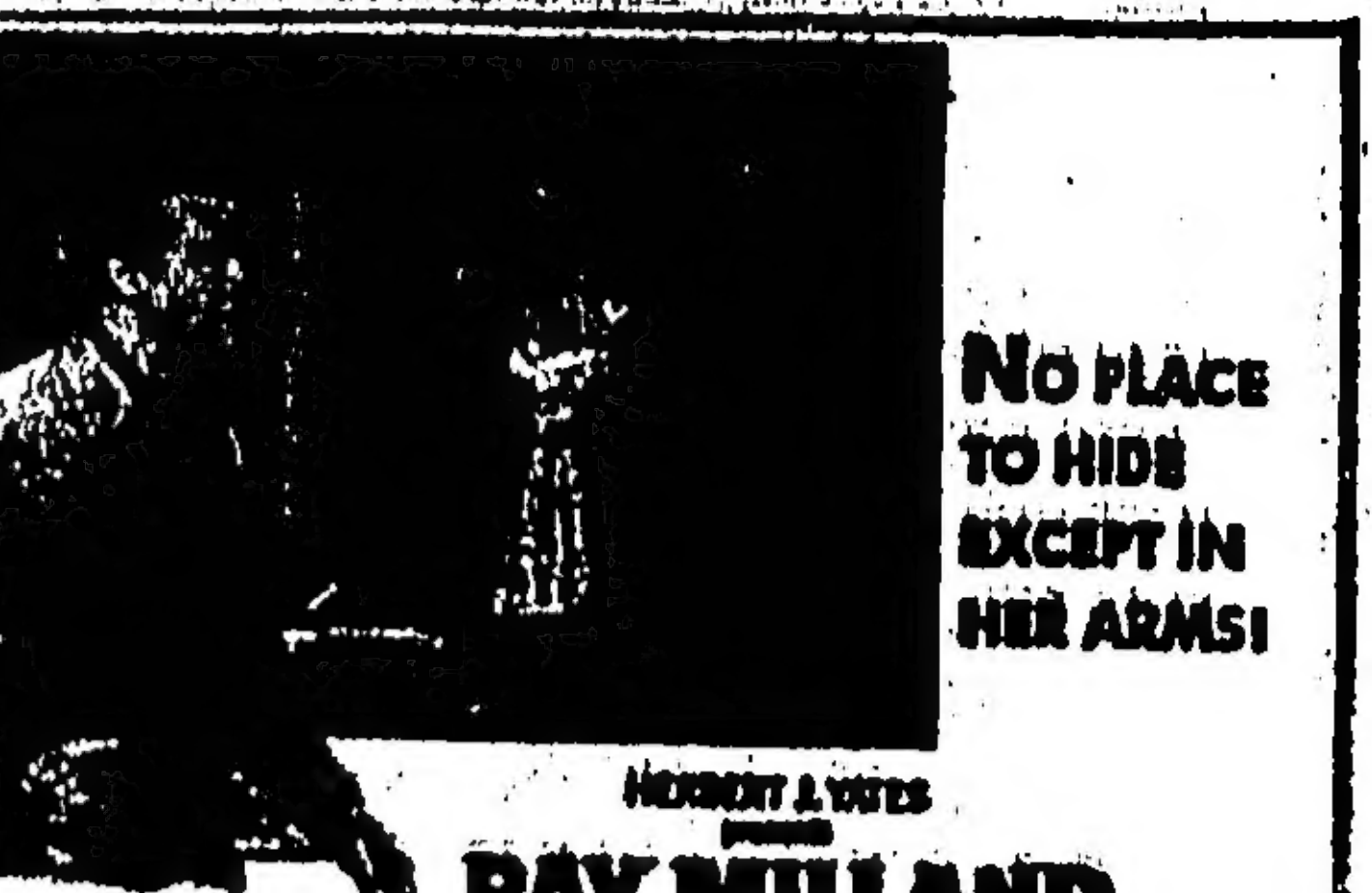
"This implies that no self-sustaining thermonuclear reaction is possible under terrestrial conditions," he concluded.—United Press.

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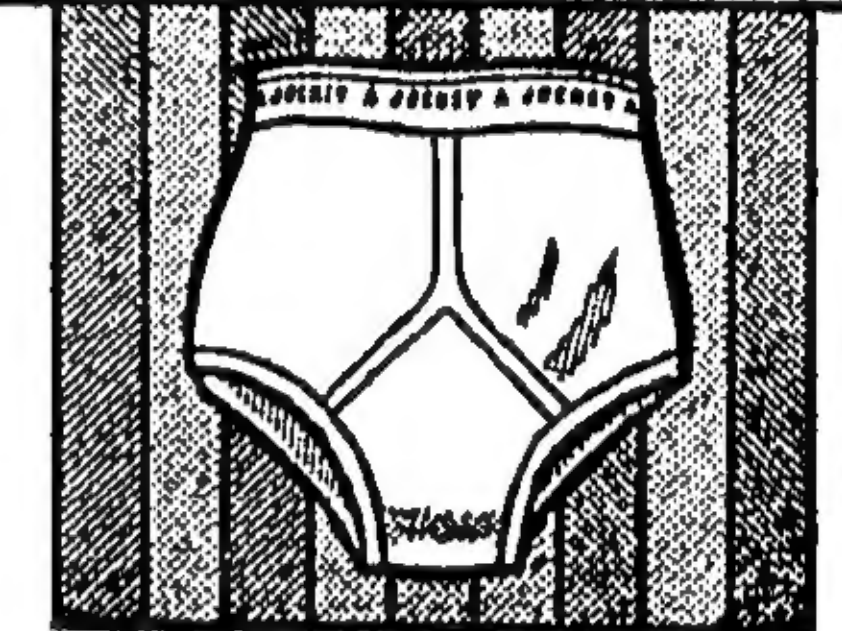


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LEE VAN CLEY • ALAN HALE • DOUGLAS SPENCER  
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GREAT WORLD: "Snow White & The Seven Dwarfs"



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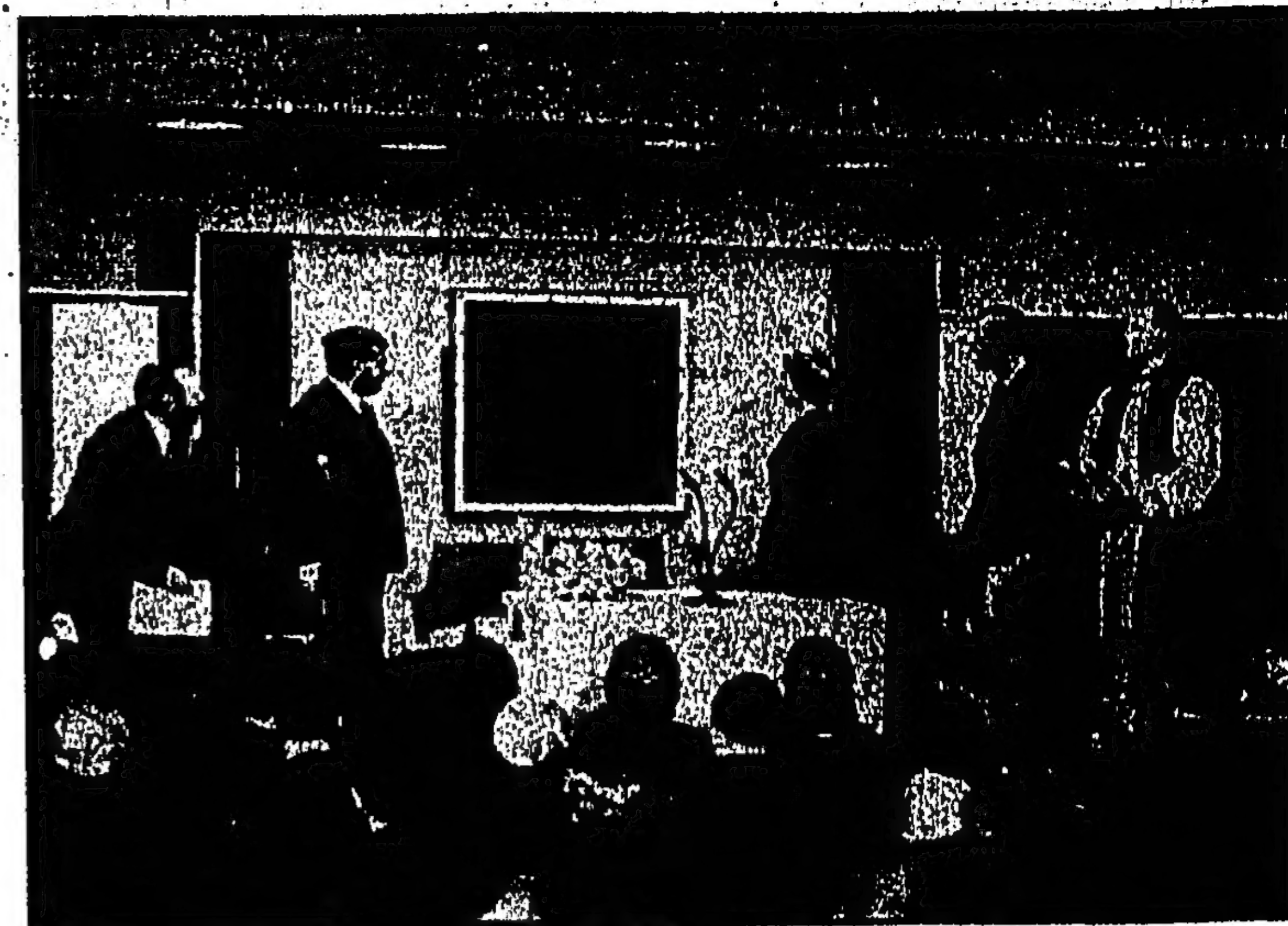
# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



MR Colin Tennant, one of Princess Margaret's greatest friends, is to marry 23-year-old Lady Anne Coke. They are seen here at the Royal College of Arts ball in London. Mr Tennant has escorted the Princess often to the theatre. Lady Anne Coke was a maid of honour to the Queen at the Coronation. (Express)



LEFT: Mr Edward Portman, 21-year-old nephew of Viscount Portman, and his bride-to-be, 20-year-old Rosemary Farris, granddaughter of the village blacksmith of Coombe Bissett (pop. 248). He is an agricultural student. (Express)



HER Majesty the Queen unveiling a plaque to commemorate the opening of the new Central Terminal Building at London Airport. She is accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Minister of Transport, Mr John Boyd-Carpenter. (Express)



ONE man distinctly displeased by the election of Mr Hugh Gaitskell to the leadership of the Labour Party is 79-year-old Lord Amwell, who resigned from the Party shortly after news of Gaitskell's victory. Lord Amwell, formerly Fred Montague, sold newspapers at 12, became a worker in London's Caledonian Market, and was made a baron in 1947. He is a Morrison man. (Express)



LONDON'S ritzy Mayfair Hotel was the scene of a charity dance in aid of invalid children. Many notable figures in society turned up for the affair, voted one of the most successful of the season. Picture shows Mr Billy Wallace with Miss Judy Montague. (Express)



ONE of the most promising young newcomers to the screen, Italian charmer Anna Maria Sandri, is here seen with British actor Anthony Steel on location in Libya for "The Black Tent," an adventure story set among the Bedouin tribes. (Express)



THE great cricketer, Sir Jack Hobbs, reading congratulatory telegrams on his 73rd birthday. He is very fit, plays golf regularly, and looks after a sports business in London. (Express)



BELOW: The Christmas wish of a 10-year-old girl from behind the Iron Curtain came true last week when she met her mother for the first time in seven years. Regina Koubikova from Czechoslovakia is seen with her mother, Mrs Georgina Barton, of Edgware, and father. (Express)

ADMIRAL Sir Michael Denny, who has just retired as Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, with some of the 33 dolls which he has collected on his travels. They are all different, and dressed in their distinctive national costumes. (Express)



BRITISH actress Lynette Mills, 18, had to learn to roller skate by Christmas for a television play, so she had to betake herself to a rink and learn the art she neglected in childhood. As you can see, she didn't have a very happy time. (Express)



BACK home in England after a motor-cycle tour of 25 countries are 38-year-old Ernest Bell, of Peterborough, Northamptonshire, and Valerie Wells, 22, of Teddington, Middlesex. Their 16-month trip saw them dining with rajahs and Arab chiefs, camping out in forest and desert, and getting in and out of many narrow escapes. (Express)



## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





For Those in Peril on The Road, etc.

by Giles



"HURRY ALONG, CHUM, THAT'S JUST WHAT WE NEED—ELEPHANTS."

London Express Service

# A STOLEN KISS

... in a railway carriage ruined Colonel Baker, made him the Strong Man of the Balkans and gave Egypt a mounted police force....

By Alan Jenkins

ONE June afternoon in 1876 a plate-layer on the railway line near Woking noticed something unusual about the up train to Waterloo. A young woman was standing on the footboard, clinging to the open door of a carriage and screaming for help.

The plate-layer signalled to the engine driver who jammed on his brakes. The guard came panting along the track, took notes and handed the girl over to the care of a clergyman in the next coach. A well-dressed man of 48, protesting furiously, was locked in another compartment.

The train proceeded to Waterloo, where names and addresses were taken. The well-dressed man, whose name was Colonel Valentine Baker, and the girl, a Miss Rebecca Kate Dickinson, were then allowed to go.

Miss Dickinson went home and told her brother, a barrister, what had occurred. Next day Colonel Baker was arrested.

Well, what had occurred? Something that was to change Val Baker's whole life, and also the face of the Near East. If he hadn't done it, in a moment of madness—possibly quite light-headed or slightly intoxicated—madness—we might have forgotten him.

## Because of a Kiss

He had kissed a pretty girl in a railway carriage. Because of that Turkey got a modern army, Egypt got a police force, Russian plans for aggressive expansion were checked, and the Union Jack was unfurled over the Sudan.

For Val Baker, Assistant Quartermaster-General of the British Army, friend of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge (with whom he was to have dined on the evening of that unfortunate day), was regarded as Britain's most promising soldier.

He had passed brilliantly out of Sandhurst in 1894. Joining the 12th Lancers, he had fought bravely in both the Kaffir and the Basuto Wars. He had served in India, planted tea and shot elephants in Ceylon. And he had turned up in the Crimea to witness the siege of Sebastopol.

Eventually he had got his regiment, the 10th Lancers, and in 14 years raised it to such efficiency and renown that he was known to his brother officers as "Baker of the Tenth."

Such was the man with the drooping moustache, who stood in the dock at Croydon Assizes and heard 22-year-old Miss Dickinson give evidence against him.

"Get away from me... I won't have you so near!" she cried. Then she told the court, "he put his arms round me and kissed me."

She pulled the communication cord, but it didn't work. By now, the colonel was imploring her not to make such a fuss. Did she want to ruin his Army career and his position in society?

It seemed that she did. The case at Croydon rocked the country. All the defensive skill of Mr Henry Hawkins, Q.C., was in vain. Mr Justice Brett was indignant almost to the point of apoplexy. "The mere laying of a man's hand on a woman," he rumbled, "amounts to a common assault."

## Sent to Prison

Val Baker was fined £500 and sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment. Shortly afterwards the following item appeared in the London Gazette: Lieut.-Colonel, Brevet Colonel, Valentine Baker, half pay, late 10th Lancers, has been removed from the Army. Her Majesty having no further occasion for his services.

That, in 1875, would have been the end of most men. But not Val Baker. True, he had powerful friends. Royalty among them. For several years afterwards they never stopped petitioning the Queen and the War Office to give Baker his commission back. But it couldn't be done. You cannot un-cashier an officer.

And where was the man all the fuss was about? No longer



Colonel Valentine Baker: a moment's madness made him Baker Pasha.

in England. On his release from prison he had chosen as his popular a refuge as could be imagined: the Turkey of Abdul the Damned, the vicious Sultan whose ambition was to become "Caliph of all the Moslems."

Turkey, which had roused all Britain to fury by the Bulgarian atrocities. For the Bakers had a family connection with Turkey. Val's elder brother, Samuel, had helped to build the first railway there. The Sultan needed Western advisers. Western technical know-how. Above all, he needed a police force and an efficient army.

One year later Baker had organised a Turkish gendarmerie. Two years later he was a Major-General in Abdul's army, on the famous Mehemet Ali's staff. He had an infantry division of his own and had trained it well

saved their faces, he asked for another job. He was given the task of carrying out reforms in the government of Armenia, where the Sultan was beginning to think that atrocities had perhaps been rather overdone.

Meanwhile, brother Samuel (by now Sir Samuel Baker Pasha) had moved to Egypt and beyond. He had taken 1,500 rather reluctant Egyptian troops with him on an expedition to find the second source of the Nile. He had spent some time trying to suppress slavery in the Sudan. He, too, had written books about his exploits. But he had left Egypt in a troubled and rebellious condition.

The British envoy, a friend of both the Bakers, advised the Khedive to send for Valentine. What Egypt needed, he said, was an efficient police force such as Valentine had given Turkey.

## Pasha too

By now, Valentine was a Pasha too. The Khedive appointed him Inspector-General of the new Egyptian Constabulary, a force of 4,400 men and 2,562 horses. Baker realised at once that the Egyptian Constabulary must be a crack force—a reserve for the army. And as an old cavalry officer, he naturally concentrated on the "mounteds" (still today the pride of Egypt, with their white uniforms and red turbans).

A mission awaited those Egyptian police. Osman Digna, Amir of Eastern Sudan, headman of the Mahdi and a powerful slave dealer, was inflicting local tribesmen on the Red Sea coast. Baker Pasha was sent with a motley force of 3,600 men—gondarmes, Negroes, Sudanese, and Turks (with ten British officers)—to put things right.

As usual "send for Baker" was the accepted solution to almost any crisis. The Khedive warned him, however, "I rely upon your prudence and ability not to engage the enemy except under the most favourable circumstances."

But the circumstances at El Teb, where Baker met the enemy, were anything but favourable. Baker found himself surrounded. Once again he was let down by the weaker elements of his force. Paralysed with fear, they let themselves be slaughtered.

## No Discredit

Seriously wounded, Baker somehow managed, with incredible tenacity, to extricate some of his officers and men. He hung them, and himself, back into battle, but he had lost two-thirds of his army, and the most he could hope for was to make Osman Digna's victory as expensive as possible.

Certainly Baker himself suffered no discredit. Sir Evelyn Baring, British Consul-General in Cairo, sent dispatches full of praise to the Foreign Office. The Times praised his career as among the most colourful in military annals. Lord Salisbury said he had rendered innumerable services to Egypt.

Baker spent the remaining four years of his life consolidating his constabulary. When on November 17, 1897, he died at Tel-el-Kebir, he was buried with military honours in the English cemetery at Cairo. In 12 years, after "a moment's madness" in a train near Woking, Valentine Baker had covered himself and the British with glory.

(COPYRIGHT)

# MISS RICHARDS HAS TO SAY PLEASE....

LONDON. Literary success when you're 20—and a woman at that—is as rare as a Givenchy dress among the Eskimos. Two new prodigies in this field—one English, one French—seem to me to raise interesting national differences and parallels.

The first—France's pistol-picking baby novelist Francoise Sagan, now 20, wrote "Bonjour Tristesse" at 19 when she sprang fully armed into the battlefield of best-selling fiction.

The second, Gillian Richards, hitherto unknown, who lives in Ealing, is 20, and has cracked the fortress of the Third Programme with her verse play, "The Dismissal," to be broadcast with Dorothy Tutin in the lead. It was written—only the first draft, she is modestly careful to tell you—in five months, when she was 18.

Mademoiselle Sagan has shot into the good free, full life of a writer (she is on her second, peevish Paris publishing visits to New York and London, and Christmas in Cairo to see the Pyramids).

Unlike France's literary prodigy who roams freely about the world, Gillian Richards has to ask for permission to go from Oxford for rehearsals of her play to London.

by AMANDA MARSHALL

love, naturally—and composed some sentimental lyrics for Paris clubs. She is in the best tradition of the world's most elegant capital city, a cool, chic little freebooter in a Jaguar jungle. Now take Miss Richards. A level-eyed, dark-haired, soft-voiced girl with an appealing, withdrawn expression, she is a second-year undergraduate reading English at Oxford's most generally academic women's college, Somerville. She chose Oxford because her father, an entomologist and Professor of Zoology at the Imperial College, went there.

## WROTE AT TEN

Where Mademoiselle Sagan speaks freely, though not unbridled, about the world, Miss Richards, with some difficulty in persuading the academic authorities to permit her to visit London during term-time, has four days of her play's studies.



GILLIAN RICHARDS. A character is essential.

From the age of ten she wrote plays for home performance, and settled for professional playwriting as her ambition at the age of 10. A disciplined girl, she devotes term to study, gives two and a half hours each day to her own writing in the vacations only, and visits the theatre about twice a week with her 17-year-old sister.

Where Mademoiselle Sagan is an avowed live specialist, Miss Richards loves Bach, but is not averse to popular music. She likes dancing, but is frankly bored at it. Admires Shakespeare, Donne, Gerard Manley Hopkins, John Whiting, Anouilh and Christopher Fry.

Her first two verse plays she has abandoned: one on a worn, classical theme, one written under the intoxicating influence of Shakespearean blank verse. She is now working on a more difficult problem of a verse play with a modern setting. Both plays are naturalistic, and she has a strong sense of

'To all who have flown with us in the past, and to all who will do so in 1956...'



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# INSIDE STORY OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST SECRET SOCIETY DOOMED—ONE DRINK FROM DISASTER

By Terence Feely

IT is 3.30 on a cold black morning. In a suburban villa—a businessman's home—the telephone shrills. It has to be.

An arm reaches out from the bedclothes. "Hello?" A broken voice at the other end babbles erratic, crazy half-sentences. The man in bed—instantly alert—cuts them short:

"Hold on, old man, I'm on my way round. Be with you in 20 minutes. For God's sake don't touch the stuff till I get there."

The man is climbing out of bed now. He gropes for his slippers. He keeps the phone to his ear, keeps on talking: "Put the bottle away somewhere. Don't even look at it. Just fight it till I get there..."

Now the man has pulled on his trousers over his pyjamas. His wife grumbles drowsily: "D'you have to go?"

He pauses for a second to look down at his wife. Gently he asks: "Would you really want me not to?" Then he goes out and kicks up the frosty engine of his car.

## PRAYER

AS he shuts the front door a decorative wooden plaque swings in the hall. It reads:

"God grant me the serenity to accept those things I cannot change, the courage to change those things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

That is the prayer of Alcoholics Anonymous, one of the most remarkable secret societies in the world today. This man is a member, just one of 250,000.

Britain's share is 5,000, scattered in 80 groups in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. They include several prominent Members of Parliament.

Peers, barristers, solicitors, porters, dockers, clerks, housewives. Thirty percent are women.

They know each other by sight and by first name only. For of all secret societies this is the most secret.

All are alcoholics. Most have been given up as hopeless by the medical profession. Many have lost a great deal—like the one-time Lloyd's underwriter I spoke to.

Drink cost him two wives, two homes, £60,000 and almost his life, before he found AA.

The voice on the other end of the telephone was that of an alcoholic. He was in the grip of the terrible tearing agony that haunts the small hours of the alcoholic. The insane craving, clawing at his inside, for alcohol.

## URGENCY

DESPITE all their efforts, his wife and family have failed to find and destroy the bottle they know he has hidden somewhere.

Now he has removed it from its hiding place—the lavatory cistern—and is fondling it crazily.

He is a doctor... who cannot aid himself.

The man now speeding towards him knows the urgency of his mission.

He has not touched a drink for two and a half years. But he is still an alcoholic himself.

He knows that if he downed just one small sherry tomorrow he would trigger off a liquor debauch that would terrify the average "heavy drinker" who is not an alcoholic.

But with the help of Alcoholics Anonymous he knows he will not have that drink. Not in the next 24 hours, anyway. This is as far as he allows himself to look ahead.

Yesterday is gone. Tomorrow never comes. "But today AA has taught him to say: 'Today I will not take a drink. Tomorrow I'll worry about when it comes.'"

All he and his fellow sufferers could hope for before they joined AA was a life of progressively crazier drinking, leading finally to insanity or an unpleasant death. AA has saved them.

But it has not cured them. There is no cure. They are all—M.P. or fish porter, Peer or labourer—just one drink away from disaster.

That holds good whether they have been sober ten weeks or ten years. Only with the help of AA they do not take that drink.

## DAZE

THE man now racing down the dark night roads to the aid of that desperate voice on the telephone—let us meet him. Let us call him Smith.

Smith, a prominent businessman. Two and a half years ago he was nearly bankrupt, had driven his wife away and was virtually insane. He had been a practising alcoholic for 15 years.

"During that time," he told me, "I went on business trips to South Africa twice, and repeatedly toured Europe."

"When I came back I could not remember one single detail of anything I had done."

"I couldn't even remember how I had got from place to place. I was in a continual alcoholic daze."

"Now, when I go to places I have been to many times in the past, it is as if I were there for the first time. For even now, those years are largely a complete blank."

"Some things from the past I can dimly remember. I can remember getting up at my table in fashionable restaurants screaming stupid songs."

To onlookers, his behaviour was extraordinary. He did not appear to be drunk. Like many alcoholics, he kept himself perpetually topped up with drink. He looked most normal only when the amount of liquor

in his bloodstream was nudging his sanity.

"So much so," he told me, "that when I was pulled up once for erratic driving I escaped a 'drunk driving' charge by convincing the police I was perfectly sober."

Again and again his perpetual alcoholic twilight would be ripped by savage drinking slugs, lasting days, sometimes weeks.

Always he wanted to stop. But he was helpless. Literally. He didn't know it then but, in the opinion of the World Health Organisation, he was as helpless to stop drinking as a consumptive is helpless to stop having TB.

For world medical opinion now believes that alcoholism is a disease. A disease which means that alcohol has a peculiar effect on certain people, setting up an irresistible craving for more.

A disease against which drugs, doctors, psychiatrists and the church seem to be largely impotent. But against which Alcoholics Anonymous has a phenomenal record of success.

Success with nearly 100 percent of cases taken in hand—against an estimated success of two or three percent achieved by all other methods. And without drugs or mechanical aids of any kind.

## SPONSOR

AND it achieves it on one basic proposition: that an alcoholic can only be helped by another alcoholic.

Smith, driving through the night in his car, knows this. He was saved by other alcoholics—basically by talk, companionship and advice arising out of bitter experience.

Which is why he cannot refuse his help now. And why his wife would not really want him to.

That is why he offered to act as a sponsor. He has agreed to tell him any hour of the day or night when he felt he needed help.

His appointment as "sponsor" to the new man was perfectly informal, as are all the workings of AA.

Someone did it for him when he joined, and he has often done it for others since. Which is why he keeps a bedside telephone.

What is more, Smith knows that in some strange way, helping other drunks makes it easier for him to stay sober. It has been proved that when an alcoholic ceases to help others, he is in the gravest danger of relapsing.

This self-multiplying "help" is one of the greatest strengths of the organisation.

The man he is speeding to let us call him Brown. I have said he is a doctor. He is a doctor.

Listen to Brown's story as I heard it.

"I started drinking at university, found I could hold it better than my friends. I was elected president of a drinking society. 'For ten years my drinking was legendary. I did not appear to pay too great a penalty."

"True, I was getting the jitters when I got up in the morning, but 'the hair of the dog' soon put that right."

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"During one of my sober spells I got my doctor's degree; during another I set up a practice; during a third I got married."

But up to now the sober spell has always ended with the taking of just one small drink—a single shot of whisky in a glass of milk, for instance. And he has come to himself days, often a week, later in a cheap hotel room.

With no recollection of where he had been, what he has done, how he has financed his "blind" or what his frantic wife is doing. And with queer little creatures peering and squeaking at him out of the wall.

He has tried specialist friends, psychiatrists, hospitals. All useless.

Now he knows he is on the last straight in the alcoholic's death race. Up ahead, not many years away, lies the finishing post—insanity and death.

He has joined AA. They have talked to him, explained their programme, given him Smith to look after him. He has been "dry" for a week.

Now his first real test has come. The sedative he filled himself up with at bedtime has worn off and he is awake.

Awake with every nerve screaming, his pyjamas soaked with the racing sweat every alcoholic knows. Awake with a bottle in his hands.

He knows he is exactly one drink away from another gigantic bender. He knows no one has ever been able to talk him out of that first drink before. But he has heard there is something different about an AA man.

With fluttering hands he has dialled the number of his guardian angel. Cradling the bottle he prays that he may come soon.

Smith, the man he has phoned, is coming up the stairs now. What will he do? How will he defeat the fascination that beckoning bottle has for Brown?

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his own symptoms in the man's story, to an all-important point in his treatment—the confession to himself that he must be an alcoholic, too.

There is no other known way of getting him to admit that fact.

So curious is the mind of a drinking alcoholic that he will not even take the word of a medical specialist that he is suffering from alcoholism.

As Brown listens, the conviction is gradually borne hard down upon him that this man knows what he's talking about.

He has forgotten about the bottle. The sharp edge of his desire has blunted. As Smith knew it would.

The electric effect of this kind of experience is best described in the words of a man who has been through it:

"Here was this man—nicely dressed, healthy, prosperous looking—and he was telling me he had been further down in the mud than I was. I knew he was telling the truth. He knew things which only an alcoholic could know."

It was obvious he had got something that had beaten alcohol out of sight. I wanted to know what it was."

It is at this point that the drinker will start talking about himself and his own problem:

"The man had told me he was an alcoholic."

"The symptoms he described were so like mine that I couldn't escape the conclusion that I was an alcoholic too, that I had the disease."

"In a queer way that admission was a tremendous relief to me. I felt I was beginning to understand something about my problem. I asked him to tell me more about alcoholism."

Brown has reached that point. And his helper starts to describe how he himself got better.

"I recognised that because of my disease, drink had got me licked, that by myself I was helpless against it. I accepted that only a Higher Power could help me..."

The pale wash of dawn is on the streets as Smith prepares to leave. But before he goes he has one last thing to do.

With Mrs Brown's permission he goes over the house, rooting out and destroying alcohol.

He feels pretty confident Brown will be safe for what is left of the night. But there is no point in leaving temptation in his way.

His experience tells him where to look for liquor. He looks under the mattress, in the lampshade bowl, behind pictures.

He looks for small bottles in Brown's gloves, in the wastebasket. He looks among the coal in the cellar. He looks for bottles stuck with adhesive tape to the bottoms of armchairs and sofas.

He sniffs the vases to find if, perhaps, the flowers are existing on a diet of alcohol. This is a trick he has learned. He uncovers Brown's hot water bottle and tests the contents.

Finally, incredible as it may sound, he sniffs the water in which Brown has left his false teeth on the bedside table. He has found the water, before today, to be gin.

As Smith drives away, Brown settles down to sleep. He feels better than he has done for a long time. He is lurching with Smith tomorrow—rather, today.

He has got one foot on the road that leads out of his torment.

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# SO THIS IS THE LAW!

By MICHAEL SUTTON

MAN is a law-making creature and, quite rightly, is proud of the legislation that has been enacted, and which, on the whole, has led to more rational, civilised societies.

Yet, man in most countries are so busy making laws that they often forget to repeal the outdated ones. Many of these anachronistic laws would lead to chaos if they were enforced.

There is also another set of laws that most people know are stupid, and yet, in spite of this, they are allowed to stand in the statute books untouched.

Britain has many laws of both varieties. For example, if the laws relating to Sundays were to be rigidly enforced, industry would be brought to a standstill, there would be no amusements and no large-scale sport.

As the law stands, no engine-driver is allowed to drive his train on a Sunday; yet he can act in any other capacity on the railways! A milkman is not allowed to deliver milk; yet he can take the place of the man who drives his cart, while the driver would be allowed to deliver the milk.

The laws relating to what can be sold on a Sunday are also a hotch-potch of nonsense. For example, if a woman wishes to buy toothpaste, she is quite legally entitled to do so. But if she wants to buy a toothbrush, she is infringing the law unless she can prove that her need for it is surgical in character!

As many people know, the English are great lovers of fish and chips, which are almost the staple diet of many of them. Not unnaturally, therefore, they like to buy readily-cooked fish and chips on a Sunday. They are allowed to do this. But the trader who is selling these foodstuffs can only do so if they have not been cooked in his own shop!

Other laws are quite hypocritical. The most notorious of these are the British lottery laws. Such lotteries are quite definitely illegal. It is illegal to run a raffle in aid of a children's outing, just as it is unlawful to back a horse or a dog with a street bookmaker. It's also illegal to play gambling games in a bar, or to publish football coupons in a newspaper.

But, as everyone, repeat everyone, knows, British people back some £400,000,000 a year on horse racing alone. This is done quite legally either by wagers made on the racetrack or by credit backing. Apart from this, another £125,000,000 is backed on dog-racing, while more than £70,000,000 is gambled on the football pools.

Yet, lotteries and gambling are illegal! It's no wonder that visitors to Britain shake their heads and wonder what it's all about. There is a legal and an illegal way of betting. Don't ask what the real

difference is. No one will be able to tell you.

Yet, there is one type of public lottery that is legal. Art Unions—that is, co-operative organisations for buying portraits and other works of art—are allowed to run raffles. Again, don't ask why.

Pin-tables are also illegal in Britain, yet, there are hundreds of thousands of these all over the country. They are illegal in terms of a very old law, and the fine for playing on one is 40 shillings. The authorities evidently don't think it worth while to invoke so ancient a law. But why does it remain on the statute books?

Most British doctors don't know it, but there is a law still standing in the statute books that allows anyone, no matter what their qualifications, to set up a practice to cure diseases. The Act was intended as a rebuff to the Company and Fellowship of Surgeons who, centuries ago, though unskilled in matters of curing diseases, took large fees from the public for curing them and, furthermore, persecuted herbalists who dared to take away some of their market. The law decrees "that persons being no cunning surgeons may minister medicines outward."

Sunday trading laws in Britain are, as already mentioned, chaotic. A person who keeps a general store may sell certain classes of goods in parts of his store all day on Sunday; some goods can only be sold for a limited number of hours; and others in other parts not at all.

Children, at a seaside resort, are allowed to buy toys; bathers can buy swimsuits and bathing caps; postcards and film for cameras can also be bought. But just let a trader try to sell a loaf of bread after ten o'clock in the morning and he'll be treated like a criminal!

Wine is an expensive commodity in Britain, and Britishers returning from holidays in countries where it is cheap are allowed to bring in only one bottle free of import tax. But there is a certain law which still applies to the Navy, that many members of that organisation probably don't know.

High-ranking members can bring in enormous quantities free of import tax. Thus, admirals, under the Customs Act of 1876, may bring in no less than 1,200 gallons. A vice-admiral can bring in 1,050 gallons a year; a rear-admiral, 840 gallons; captains, 630 gallons.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds are lost every year to needy charities because of stupid laws relating to Sunday entertainment in Britain. With but few exceptions, no public entertainment, to which people are admitted on payment, may take place unless the local authorities give their consent. And they can only give permission to the most sombre and uninteresting entertainments that just won't bring in the public.

The authorities can only sanction a "musical entertainment," defined as a concert consisting of the performance of music with or without singing or recitation. No make-up or scenery is allowed.

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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# \$500 REWARD

It's yours if only you'll buy in the greatest car sales war in U.S. history

By EVELYN IRONS

**"SAVE** your cash for Christmas!" yells the car dealer's advertisement in letters one-inch high in my morning newspaper. "Need a car? Need your cash for Christmas shopping? King Ford comes to your rescue with a timely and terrific plan that gives you both! No cash down. No payment till February 15."

Turn the page. "We play Santa NOW!" announces another dealer. "56 Chevys at '55 prices! We'll buy your car -- you keep the cash! If you owe money on your present car, we'll accept it in trade -- we'll pay off your balance!"

It's really too kind. "Up to five years to pay." "Yours for only \$1.50 per day."

## One better

In Cincinnati they go one better. Not only can the buyer of a new car delay paying for it until next year and save his own money for Christmas shopping. But the benevolent car dealer gives him \$100 (\$34, 148.) to help him out. A Ford dealer in St. Louis, Missouri, is offering \$500 cash in a desperate bid for customers.

For the fiercest-ever selling war in American automobile history is on, and it will be even hotter in 1956. By the end of this year the manufacturers will have turned out a record number of cars -- eight million. Sales are estimated at 7,600,000. Next year there cannot be quite so many cars. But it will be more than ever a buyers' market.

## In debt

In the year that ended last October, Americans went \$5,000 million into debt, mostly for buying cars. But next year credit will be more difficult. Bankers, who lend money to car dealers, take over installment loans after sales are clinched and make direct loans to millions of new car owners, are becoming nervous about the reckless way the dealers are pressing sales.

Those who have been making three-year loans are talking of restraining them to 30 months, and those who have been making 30-month loans are cutting them down to two years.

And dealers have overreached themselves in their frantic drive to sell out their 1956 models to clear their showrooms for the wave of new cars they are forced to take from the manufacturers on pain of losing their contracts.

## Give-aways

Never have there been such give-aways, and the public, as you might expect, have become spoiled.

They will have to be babied along even more next year to get them to buy. Also, the market is oversold. So many people are the proud new owners of bargain-price 1955 models that it is going to be very, very difficult to persuade them to get a next-year's model that is not strikingly different in appearance.

Here are some of the inducements for which we have learned to look:

A Pittsburg dealer undertook to give back his old

car to any buyer trading it in for a new one -- after the price had been deducted from the new car's purchase total. In Detroit, a dealer tossed in a free heater and radio, and free refrigerators. Washing-machines and fur coats were offered to catch the women.

More spectacular bribes to buyers were free trips for two to Paris, Miami, Havana and even -- when the first space-ship makes the voyage -- to the Moon.

## Free load

A new 1955 car becomes a "used car" after a run round the block to the nearest used-car lot, so that New Yorkers full to see the unconscious humour of a notice in monster neon lights over a car lot on a boulevard just outside the city.

It says "NEW USED CARS."

A Seattle dealer in used Chevrolets offers to fill the boot (they call it the "trunk" here) with food, and each buyer of a car for which he pays \$143 or more drives off with a free load of 500 potatoes, 24 boxes of breakfast cereals, 48 boxes of face tissues, 12 jars of jams and cases of tinned peaches, peas, sweetcorn, beans, peaches, tomato juice and pineapple juice.

As for really old cars, of the vintage that so many Britons own, dealers cannot afford the space to keep them. "Buy a car

for 99 cents" advertised a second-hand car dealer in Connecticut the other day. For that, customers drove away a 1940 four-door Chevrolet.

An embarrassing element in the 1956 picture is that prices of new cars have gone up, by an average of five percent compared with 1955. But dealers, afraid of scaring off their clients, are proclaiming that they will not pass on the increases to purchasers.

They offer 1956 cars at 1955 prices by such devices as giving far more than the listed allowance for trade-ins. A Baltimore dealer offers to double the "Red Book" price for a 1940-1952 model traded in for a new automobile.

One hesitates to introduce a sour note into all this, but in some cases the customer does pay in the end for what he receives. He is quoted a high over-allowance for his trade-in, only to be charged a higher than legitimate rate of interest on his deferred payments.

All the same, the dealers complain that although they have had a record year's business, the fastest-ever turnover has by no means brought them the fastest-turning buck.

## Top-selling

Disgruntled dealers giving evidence before the current Senate Anti-Trust and Monopoly Sub-Committee investigating the affairs of General Motors complained that they were losing money because of the excessive sales pressures brought to bear by the manufacturers.

The biggest sales race is, of course, between General Motors with their Chevrolet, and Ford, whose colossal earnings and income will be revealed for the first time when their stock registration statement, in con-

nection with the sale to the public of nearly seven million shares of Ford common stock, is filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission. General Motors this year became the first company in the world ever to net 1,000 million dollars, after taxes.

In the fight to be top-selling car in America, the Chevrolet has the edge, according to figures up to the end of October covering new passenger car registrations for 34 states. These are: Chevrolet, 1,293,327; Ford, 1,259,574.

Forecasting an even tougher battle to come, Ford's are stepping up their promotion budget for 1956 by 25 percent on this year's, with the heaviest emphasis on newspaper advertising.

Manufacturers are planning bigger and better deals to eager salesmen. Already Los Angeles salesmen of 1956 Plymouth cars are winning certificates for free golf clubs, motor scooters, outboard motors. Other companies are rewarding aggressive salesmen with trips to Sun Valley in Idaho, TV sets, watches, diamond neckties (another diamond to be added for every

He is sure of himself, except for his tears. He knows himself, including his tears. Gaitskell is very tough, tough enough for tears.

Yet he has seemed the bureaucrat's path to power, not the politician's. Minister of Fuel and Power, Chancellor of the Exchequer -- the ability was recognized by all, but the man seemed prim.

And it is true that he has come so early to the tip of the peak as much by chance promotions for himself and slips and falls by others, as by his own very determined mountaineering.

## HIS CHANCE

GAITSKELL determined to become deputy leader of the Socialists before Bevan. It was Attlee, not Gaitskell, who was determined to exclude Morrison from the leadership itself. It was Attlee, not Gaitskell, who timed his retirement to do the greatest possible harm to Morrison. It was Attlee who by blocking Morrison's route to the peak, opened up the way for Gaitskell.

But it has not only been chance for Gaitskell.

In 1952 the Socialist Party Conference elected all the Bevanites to the party's National Executive, and swept off Herbert Morrison. Arthur Deakin was determined on vengeance. He made this clear.

It was no chance that on the following Saturday at Stalybridge, Gaitskell flayed the Bevanites. "It is time to end the attempt at mob rule by a group of frustrated journalists," Deakin was pleased.

Two years later, with the huge votes of the big trades union behind him, Gaitskell was elected treasurer of the party, and Bevan, who had tried to challenge him for the job, was off the party executive.

I finished with Gaitskell the day he was elected treasurer.

"I can't tell you how happy I feel," said Gaitskell. He was bubbling. The Bevanite group was visibly disintegrating. "The only Bevanites I would have in a Government," said Gaitskell, "would be Dick Cresswell, Harold Wilson, and Barbara Castle."

Chance and calculation; luck and logic; these have brought Gaitskell near to realizing his ambition. The tears he disowns. The emotion, the sentiment he admits, for it has been constant and kept his thinking straight.

I asked him in the train what he would feel if he were elected leader.

"I'd feel pleasure, of course, excitement at success. Anxiousness."

"What about power?" I asked him. He spoke of the checks and balances that operate on power at the top.

"Would you like sucking people?" I asked.

## HIS HOPE

"Attlee, they say, is a ruthless," he replied. "I don't know how he managed it." Gaitskell is weaker in this. He needs people to like him. "It's lonely at the top," I said. "I hope I won't be disillusioned," he said. Some hope.

We both happened to look outside the carriage window. A small farmhouse on a hill moved by. I wondered how, if he has the power, he will alter the life of the man in the farmhouse. I do not think he knows.

He talks of equality, the basis of his Socialism. It is a broad, comfortable, sprawling base. It gives a man room to manoeuvre. Gaitskell likes manoeuvring. He is good at it.

I don't know how good he is at equality. I know he is full of brotherly feelings. I only hope he remembers that liberty comes first, before equality, before fraternity.

(CONTINUED)

# MR SMITH KEEPS THE CLOCKS ON TIME

By Mervyn Jones

**I**F you want to know the time, ask -- Humphry M. Smith.

Not that, whether we know it or not, is what we are doing when we look up at Big Ben from a passing bus, or listen to the BBC pips, or dial TIM. For Mr Smith, a stocky, 41-year-old man with a big head and a slowly spreading smile, is the final authority on Greenwich Mean Time.

Not that, these days, it comes from Greenwich. The Time Section of the Royal Observatory, with its clocks and other equipment, is housed in the basement and ground floor of a square yellow building on the slopes of Leith Hill, near Abinger. The upper floor is a flat, where the chief of the section, Mr Smith, lives with his wife and four children. Day and night, week-day and Sunday, he is responsible for the accuracy of every well-maintained chronometer in factory, railway station or town hall.

## A team

As Mr Smith is the first point out, he is only the leading member of a team. To start with, time is fundamentally related to the rotation of the earth.

So the clocks at Abinger must be checked by the astronomers at the other stations of the observatory. Then the marvelously delicate equipment is made by various private firms and by the Post Office laboratories at Dollis Hill.

The staff at Abinger numbers some 30 men and women of various degrees of skill. A dozen are working directly on the clocks.

But the clocks in the yellow house neither look nor work like the things the rest of us keep on the mantelpiece. Their most important part is a quartz crystal.

Quartz, a mineral found in Brazil, Madagascar and elsewhere, has the quality of being piezo-electric; that is, it will

Little-known people -- but people with a big significance in everyone's life. These are the men we meet in these articles on Important People.

Men like Humphry Smith, in the yellow house on Leith Hill.

vibrate in response to electrical stimulus. It is therefore in great demand for radio, radar and telephone equipment.

A crystal cut to the right size and shape (which is a ring) and connected to an alternating current from electrodes on its two faces will vibrate 100,000 times a second.

It is the uniformity of the interval between each vibration, rather than the frequency, that makes this way of measuring time vastly more accurate than the two-second swing of a pendulum.

Of course, the external factors must be constant: the crystal is kept in an air vacuum and at a regular temperature of 133 degrees. The mechanism is then connected to a reducing circuit, which brings the vibrations down to 1,000 per second with less accuracy.

## Landline

From this an electric clock is worked. This is fitted with a face for convenience, and so it can be recognised by the uninitiated for what it is.

There are 16 clocks at Abinger, and a device with a number of dials reports on their performance. How accurate are they?

Well, accuracy is not a word that Humphry Smith likes to use without qualification. He explains it this way: he knows the amount that each clock will lose or gain and can allow for it arithmetically.

The daily divergence from his prediction is not more than one ten-thousandth of a second.

That, so far as the outside world is concerned, is how right Mr Smith's time is.

One clock is always in use as a transmitter, with another in reserve to take over automatically in case of need. The transmitting clock is connected by landline to the BBC and fitted with an electric contact closed for six seconds every quarter of an hour.

That is how they get the six pips. Allowance, however, must be made for the time of transmission by landline. Another service is an hourly correction of the voice on TIM.

The staff keep an eye not only on their own clocks but on signals sent out by time centres all over the world.

America, France and Russia are among half a dozen countries which have quartz clocks of accuracy comparable to ours. Other nations rub along on very good pendulum clocks.

The time men, together with other astronomers, meet every three years, and Mr Smith has lately returned from the International Astronomical Union's meeting in Dublin.

## More work

Most exciting topic of discussion is a clock even more accurate than the quartz clock. It would be based on measuring the vibration within an atom.

But more work has to be done before it can come into full use. If Humphry Smith knows how essential his work is to such varied events as the start of the Derby and the departure of the Flying Scotsman, he makes no fuss about it.

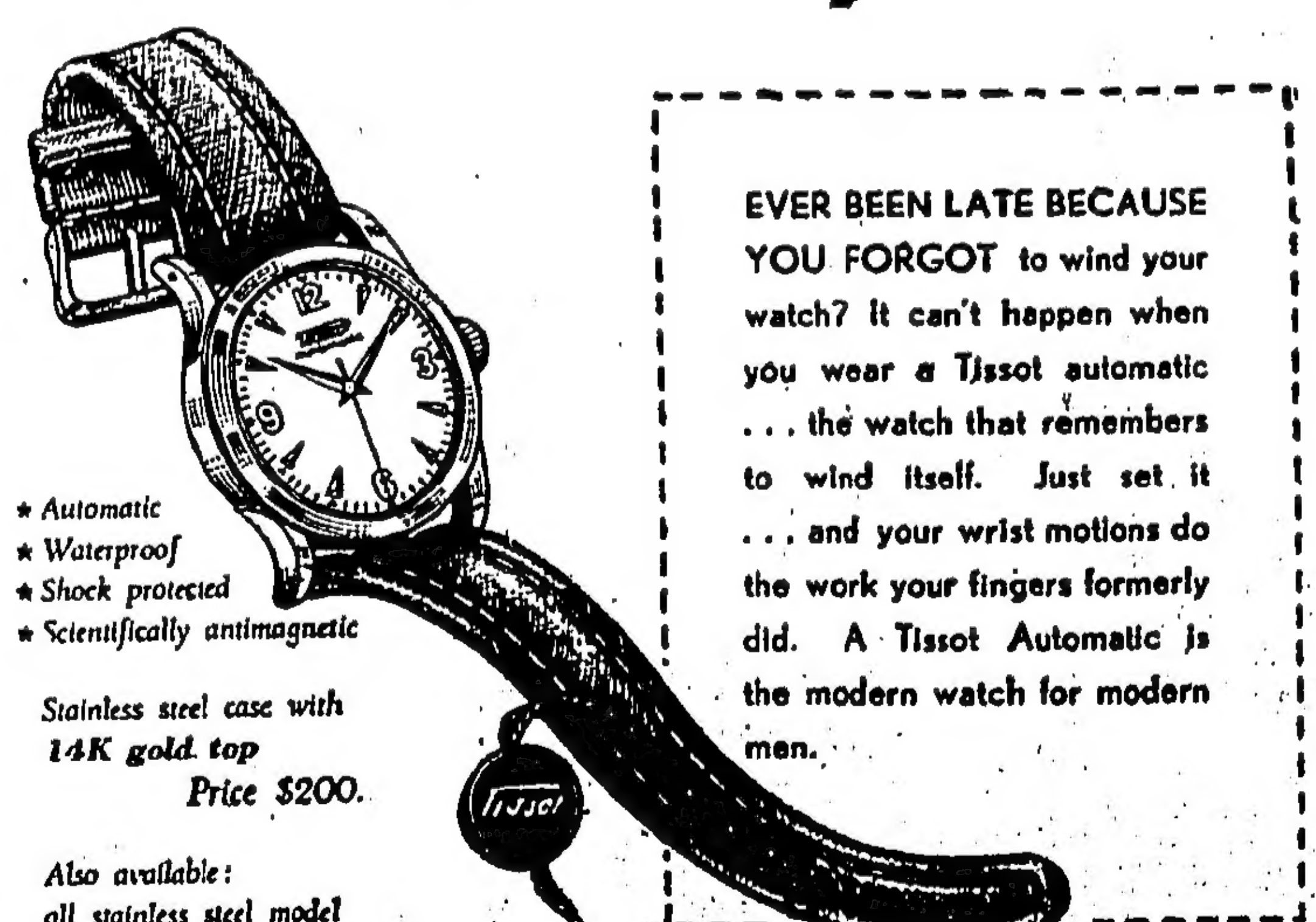
Most observers, noting his careful movements and his precise, emphatic speech, would set him down as a scientist.

But his corner of Surrey knows him as a man who likes his home and district in London, who goes camping on his annual holiday, who enjoys concerts and reads a bit of everything but notably theology, and who is this year's president of the Dorking Rotary Club.

At the weekly lunch he has every right to introduce himself to visiting Rotarians with the words: "Smith-Time."

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## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



PICTURES BY DAVID OLING

## Five ways to stop the shivers

ONE thing's certain in the winter: you won't look pretty if you're cold. STOP THE SHIVERS by eating enough. Don't go out without breakfast or make do with a salad lunch. STOP THE SHIVERS by getting some exercise EARLY in the day. STOP THE SHIVERS by muffling the most vulnerable

part of you, your throat, with a fur scarf or a mohair stole. STOP THE SHIVERS by LOOKING warm — warmer makeup, warmer colours. STOP THE SHIVERS by wearing warm night-clothes and underclothes, as pretty now as the flimsiest cloth ones you wear in the summer.

ABOVE: Ski pants and vests are ideal for the country or week-ends, or any time when you wear trousers. BELOW: The night-dress is in a wool mixture fabric, with a delicious pattern of stripes and flowers.



FOR HIGH FASHION AT THE BEACH SWIMSUIT DESIGNER SUGGESTS—

## An International Set Consisting Of 12 Suits

San Francisco. Miss Ballerino said women's swim suits this year are "much more feminine than they've ever been."

"Women are tired of the little boy look and their swing back to ultra femininity extends into our field, too," she said. "We've incorporated a lot of frills in our new designs... like large bows which can be detached when the wearer goes swimming."

"Consequently, women need a full swimsuit wardrobe, much as they need one for other activities," she explained.

To stress that more bathing suits idea, Miss Ballerino staged a fashion show at International Airport to introduce the "International set," the packaged collection of 12 suits from 11 countries. A set of 12 retails for \$269.50.

The collection contained the latest creations from the company's plants in Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico, Chile, England, Hawaii, Brazil, Germany, Spain and, very recently, France.

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A New Slant On An Old Problem  
MONEY and FASHION

By SYLVIA LAMOND

London. "MONEY," said Mrs Anne Lambton, wife of Teddy Lambton, the race-horse trainer, "is the least important factor in fashion... you can be faultlessly turned out on a shoestring."

Anne should know. She is a fashion consultant, recently chosen one of Britain's eight best dressed women.

As we talked she was getting ready for a charity ball — changing out of the stone-coloured jersey suit she bought for £4, into a mink-trimmed ball gown which cost £300 from Manguin of Paris.

Both looked equally elegant in their different ways. In both Mrs Lambton had the same "best dressed" look.

## THE SECRET

Women from all walks of life go to her flat in Regent's Park, London, for advice, or to take Anne with them as guide on a shopping spree. Sorry — that's a word I shouldn't have used.

"Spree is the death knell to good dressing," shuddered Mrs Lambton.

"The big secret is to shop as if you're running a business — ruthlessly, without giving in to one single whim or fancy."

"I shop for clothes twice a year, in Spring and Winter. Never in between. Any woman who shops in snatches should add up the cost of the bits and

pieces she has bought and discarded."

"The total might buy one beautiful calf bag and one pair of good kid gloves which would really earn their keep."

When she set out to buy that inexpensive jersey suit Mrs Lambton knew she wanted something warm in stone-beige.

She knew exactly the colour scheme she wanted to create — stone with violet; she knew she wanted a dressy top to make the skirt do double duty, and that separates in subtly blending shades are more elegant than a sharp contrast.

So she settled for the suit, a more pricey silk jersey cocktail sweater in a lighter shade of stone, and a violet silk scarf which can tuck in at the neck, knot around her pearls or float from the hip pocket.

## DEADLY SINS

Since so few women are perfectly dressed, it's obvious the fashion pitfalls are legion. Anne Lambton picks out the four deadliest:

**TOO MANY CLOTHES:** Unless you're in the top-income group with accessories to go with each outfit, and a maid to keep them spick and span, pare your wardrobe to a minimum.

Anne has only two winter outfits for daytime, and a very good top coat. She has two pairs of identical well-cut black court shoes with high heels. ("I'd stick to one pair, but it eases the feet to change") and one long, black calf bag. ("I never have more than one handbag. I buy a good one, and use it until it's finished").

She does not own a suit or a fur coat, but she has a Teddy Bear fur fabric coat for the country ("easily the smartest casual coat").

The advantage of a small wardrobe is that it's easier to keep it well pressed and brushed, and you emphasise

yourself better with a few well-chosen clothes. Don't worry about looking the same every day, so long as you look right.

## PITFALL

Mrs Peter Thorneycroft nearly always wears black, the Duchess of Windsor nearly always wears deep blue — it's one way to build a best-dressed reputation. Chopping and changing clothes constantly takes the edge off your personality.

**YOUR HUSBAND:** A major pitfall if you pander to him. Don't be put off if he doesn't like a thing — jolt him into loving it. Show a new hat to him when you are completely right, and looking terrific. Fatal mistake to get carried away with enthusiasm and try it on with your housecoat. Men don't appreciate fashion out of context.

**EVENING GOWNS:** Problem because they cost so much, are worn so little. I get around it in two ways. By supping, I exchange evening dresses with a friend in Canada for a year. You could do it with the woman next door, provided you don't attend the same functions. By storing away a lovely gown: I did this with a Coronation year dress, and am now wearing it again for the first time in three years. It feels like a new gown.

**JEWELLERY:** I'd by pass a teeny-weeny diamond ring any day for one beautiful velvet theatre coat. I won't waste money on precious jewellery until I can afford it big and beautiful so that it does something for me.

Anne Lambton's idea of a woman's best long-term investment: A piece of good fur, such as a mink stole, an ermine tippet, a silverfox muff.

"A piece of fur pulls an outfit together in a remarkable way and puts a seal of luxury on the whole thing," says Anne. "I've worn my mink stole for three years, summer and winter, and nothing has given better value."

## LATEST COAT STYLES FROM PARIS

By MARIE FONTAINE

If you have decided to make a new coat, here is a report on the latest styles of Paris models. They will give you some idea of what to look for... if you want to be right up to the minute so far as fashions, fabric and colour are concerned.

First there is the very youthful and attractive redingote line which makes its welcome re-appearance with its moulded bodice, firmly defined waistline (so long absent) and full flared skirt.

Included in the current collection of Christian Dior is a redingote in black facecloth. This is double-breasted with a full, stiffened skirt and it is trimmed at the neck with a black satin ribbon slotted through the collar and tied in a bow in front. Another black wool redingote is to be seen at Jean Patou, and Jacques Griffe chooses bright red for a redingote with a tunic effect achieved by means of seaming on the gently-flared skirt.

★ ★ ★

Then there are the redingotes with semi-fitted waists and straight skirts which come in a variety of lengths from three-quarter to full length. If you have a majority of straight skirts in your wardrobe it is worth considering one of the new, narrow, shorter-than-long coats, for in this way you can achieve the latest "tunic" effect. But and so is a big "but" do not wear one of these shorter straight coats over a flared skirt.

Semi-fitted redingotes at Pierre Balmain stress this designer's forward line by means of two loose over-panels in the front. Madeleine de Rauch has two of these coats in her collection, both of which are double-breasted. One is 4/5th length in bright red and the other 7/8th length in fawn. Bright red wool velour is used by Jean Patou for a double-breasted straight redingote with a wide shoulder line while Lanvin (Castillo) has designed one in sand coloured wool fabric with a self tie at the neck.

These fitted or semi-fitted coats have their limitations however; they cannot be worn comfortably over a suit and if you require a more all-purpose coat, a loose-fitting one should be your choice.

★ ★ ★

The two main trends in loose-fitting coats in the Paris collections are entirely opposite to each other. Most coats are either collarless or have huge cape collars which widen the shoulder line.

The former are typical of the Oriental influence which has swept through the collection this season.

The collarless neckline is featured by Christian Dior in one of his catan style coats in green tweed. This is all from under-arms to the hem at the sides, and hangs in a perfectly straight panel at the back and at the front. The collarless neckline comes in one side and fashion with two pairs of buttons.

Manguin places buttons in the front of a "tunic" coat. Anne's flared collarless coat is bright blue wool, rather with flapped pockets in the side hip has a double collar — an ordinary one over a cape which extends almost to elbow length. Very



1. Christian Dior: This flared double-breasted redingote with a well-defined waist is in black facecloth and is trimmed by a black satin ribbon slotted through the collar and tied in a bow in front. 2. Balmain: Straight and double-breasted, this topcoat in elephant grey wool has a large cape collar which rises away from the neck but covers the shoulders and upper arms. 3. Jean Patou: A straight, semi-fitted redingote in red wool velour. It is double-breasted with a wide shoulder line and a low-placed belt resting on the hips at the back. 4. Hubert de Givenchy: This coat in bright blue wool has a double collar — an ordinary one over a cape which extends almost to the elbow. 5. Madeleine de Rauch: Typical of the Oriental influence in the current Paris collections is the collarless neckline of this flared coat in washed brown facecloth. Note the two panels forming a triangular shape in front, outlined by buttons.

coat, again shows the Oriental influence. Where coats have cape collars they really are large. Balmain puts one on a perfectly straight double-breasted coat in elephant grey wool. The collar stands away from the neck, but covers the shoulders and upper arms.

Hubert de Givenchy is particularly fond of the cape collar. A straight coat is bright blue wool, rather with flapped pockets in the side hip has a double collar — an ordinary one over a cape which extends almost to elbow length. Very cosy and novel is the coat in herringbone tweed with a cape extending almost to the wrist. This is reminiscent of a coachman's heavy coat.

As regards coat fabrics which are popular in Paris this season, among the favourites are all-wools with a diagonal weave such as Shetlands and Cheviots, herringbone tweeds, smooth facecloths, rattans, wool velours, basket weaves, knapped fabrics and homespuns.

Colours, on the whole, are fairly muted and include natural, mustard and earth browns. Grey is less prominent than last season but black is prevalent. There are, however, one or two bright colours such as pinky red, bright blue and deep green.



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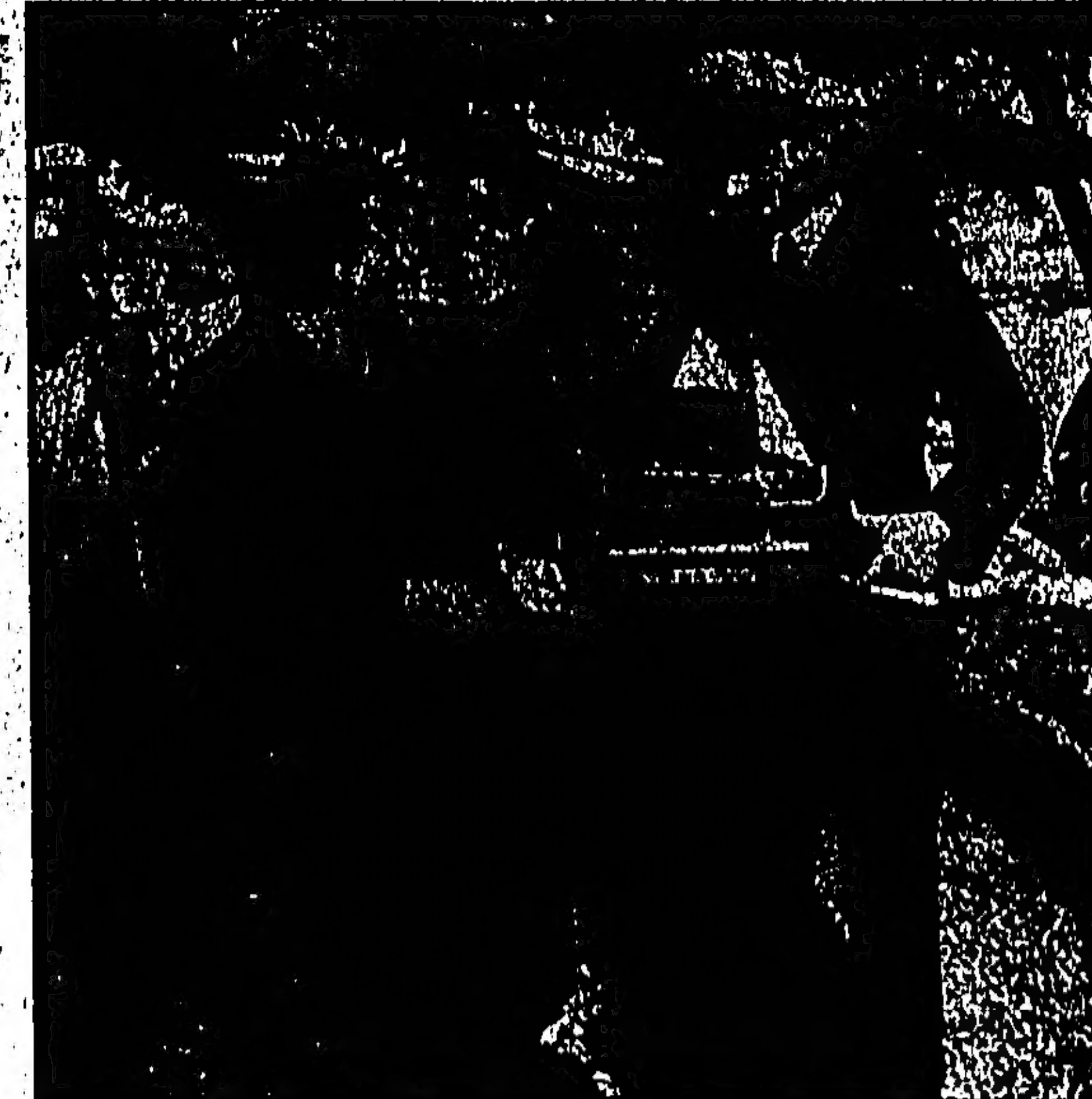




CRAIGENGOWER Cricket Club members who took part in the annual Married v. Single cricket match on Boxing Day. The bachelors won by three wickets. (King Wah)



WEDDING at the Registry of Mr Jimmy Yao and Miss Elizabeth Flora Millar. (Staff Photographer)



SECOND Officer B. M. Stear, of the Royal Fleet Auxiliary Fort Charlotte, receiving the Travessa Trophy from Mrs F. H. Loseby after a crew from the ship won the three-mile harbour rowing race on Boxing Day. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, chatting with some of the 1,300 children who were entertained at a Christmas party at the War Memorial Centre by the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association. Right: How many candles can she light with one match? (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mrs M.W. Turner, Director of the British Red Cross Society, Hongkong Branch, presenting gifts to children at the Laichikok Hospital. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Master Stephen Nash, son of Capt. and Mrs P. E. Nash, about to blow out the candles on the cake at his third birthday party (Eddie Ching)



LEFT: Santa Claus handing out gifts at a children's Christmas party at Royal Hongkong Defence Force Headquarters. Looking on is the Deputy Commandant, Lt-Col O. F. Newton Dunn. (Staff Photographer)

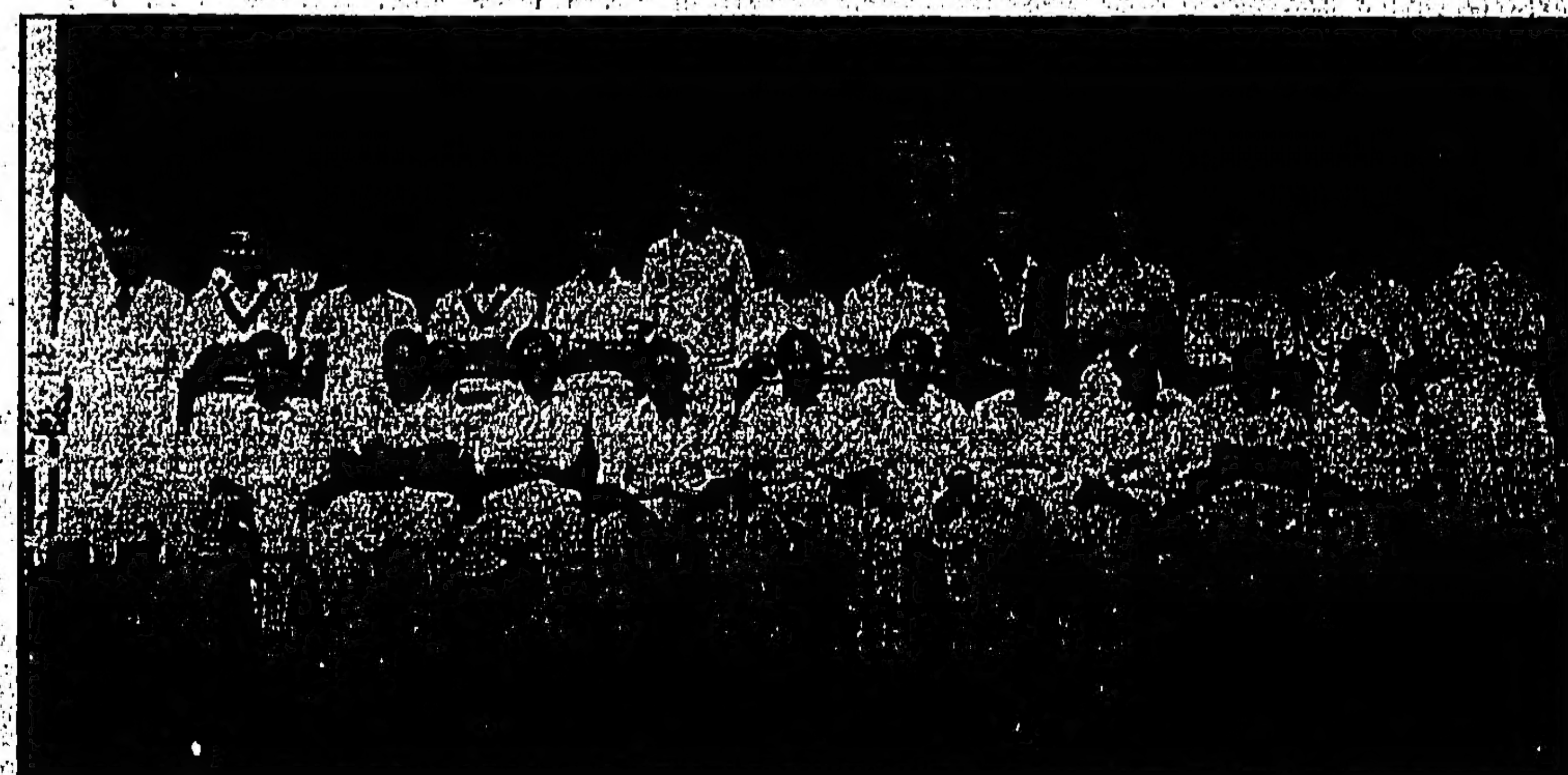


MUSIC and merriment and cheerful laughter from youthful throats combined to make a gay scene at the Diocesan Boys' School dance last week. Here are some who attended. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr E. C. van Helden, Mr M. A. da Sousa and Mr Mok Hing-wing at the cocktail party given by No. 3 Contingent, Special Constabulary, to celebrate their winning the Governor's Shield at the annual Police Review. Mr Sousa is C.O. of the Contingent. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Hongkong Cricket Club and Army teams who met on Tuesday in the annual triangular tournament. Club won by three runs. (Staff Photographer)



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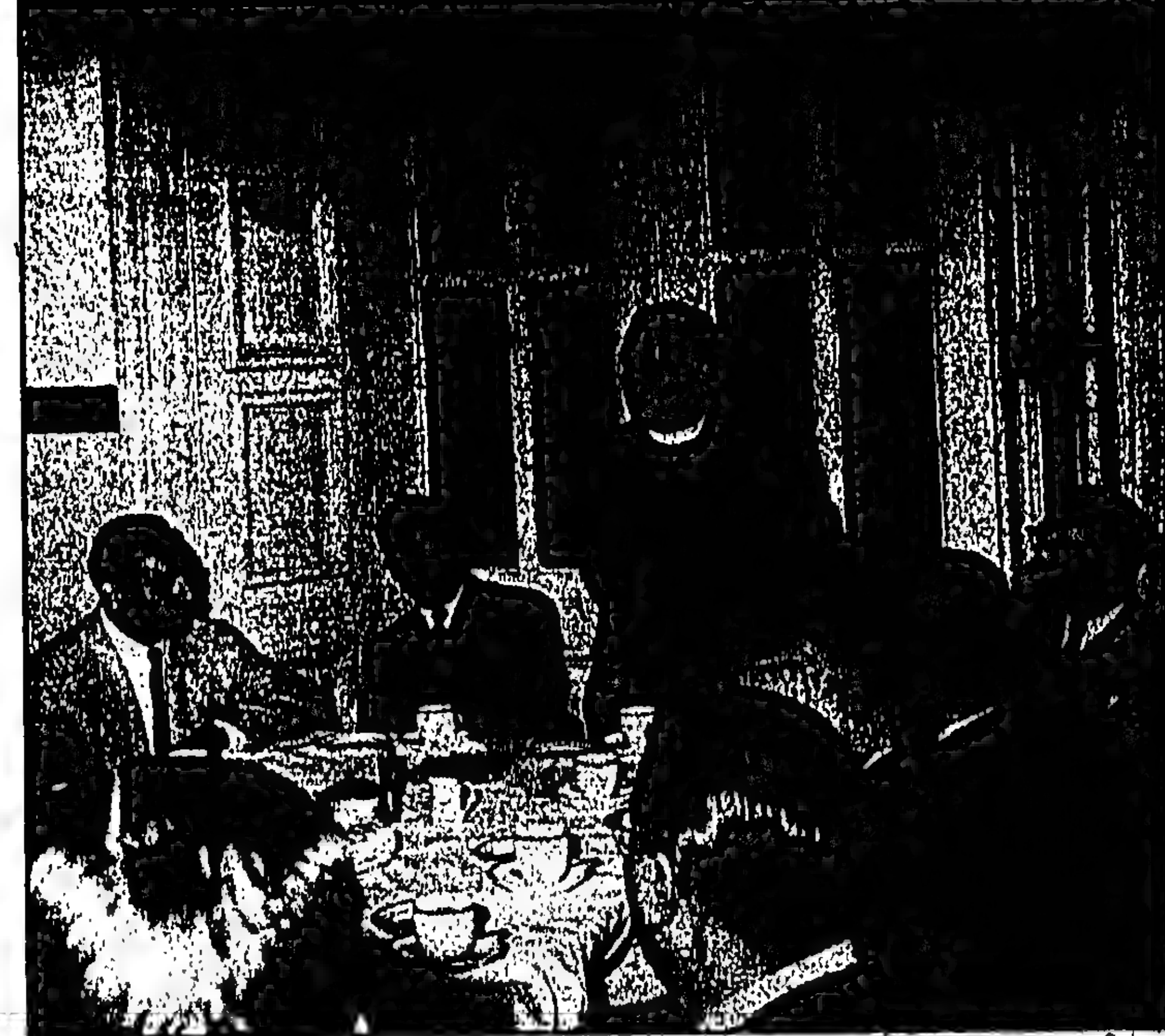




THE South China Morning Post Sports Association again "invaded" Cheung Chau island on Boxing Day. Their football team is seen above with the Tai Shun team of Cheung Chau. Right: At the Morning Post Staff Club Christmas Eve lunch, Miss Hilda Noronha receives from the Hon. C. Blaker the W. A. Grinham Shield for darts, won by the South China Sunday Post-Herald team. (Staff Photographer)



LIEUTENANT Garth Darrington Crook and his bride, formerly Miss Shirley Colman, who were married at St John's Cathedral on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Rev. Bro. L. M. B. Cassian speaking at the tea party given in his honour by the Civic Association, of which he is Chairman. He is going to Europe on leave. (Staff Photographer)



A Nativity play on-acted by children cared for by the Christian Children's Fund at the Christmas rally held at the Queen Elizabeth Youth Centre. Right: The mixed mass choir. (Staff Photographer)



AT the Canadian Club ball held at the Peninsula Hotel. From left: Mr K. C. Ramsden, Mrs Lochie, Mr J. L. Murray, Mrs Whiting, Mr Roy Dunlop (President of the Club), Mrs Murray, Mr A. C. Lochie, Mrs Dunlop, Mr W. A. Whiting. (Staff Photographer)



THIS youngster isn't shy at all as he shakes hands with the clown at the Hong Kong Signals Regiment Christmas party for children at Murray Barracks. (Staff Photographer)



ALADDIN (Grace Burriago) and the Princess (Margaret Allardyce) in the pantomime, "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," the popular holiday entertainment at Sek Kong Village. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: A pause for refreshment at the party held on Thursday at St John's Cathedral Hall for the Senior Sunday School children. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Ho Chung leaving St Mary's Church, Causeway Bay, after their wedding on Thursday. The bride was Miss Stella Kuan. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Members of the English-speaking Department of the Young Women's Christian Association pictured on their visit to the YWCA Nursery during the Christmas season. (Staff Photographer)

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# WHEN MEN IN HIGH PLACES BLOCK THE TRUTH— *Beware!*

by REBECCA WEST



EDITED BY JOHN S. MATHER. RESEARCH BY DONALD SEAMAN

IT is a strange fact that in the crisis produced by the disappearance of Burgess and Maclean nobody behaved well except the Press. There are certain households where this view would not be received sympathetically, but none the less it is a fact.

The rest of the parties involved were willing to tell any amount of lies, or to suppress the truth, or at least to refuse to recognise the truth, in order to avoid admitting that Burgess and Maclean were guilty, for the same reason that 60 years ago many French people were willing to perjure their souls in order to avoid admitting that Dreyfus was innocent.

In each case a case decided that it was so valuable as a bulwark of the State that if the truth discredited it, then the truth had to go.

In France it was the army which had to be protected at all moral costs. In Britain the mischief lay in the Foreign Office, and the large number of people, running through the upper and middle classes who feel themselves somehow allied to the members of the Foreign Office, who feel that if it goes they go.

## Ingenuity

BUT it is not the business of Fleet Street to have blood straight on and told the truth. It did not do this out of conscious virtue, because it had been waiting about for an opportunity to save its soul and acquire merit. It was simply going about its age-old business of getting the news. But if that is done with the proper craft, manly and zest, its practitioners find themselves committed to virtue.

A community must have news, as it must have fuel, food and clothing. It needs news for the same reason that a man needs eyes. It too has got to see where it is going.

The Daily Express has now issued an account of the Burgess and Maclean episode called "The Great Spy Scandal," which has a serious historical value, because it records the defeat by the Press of an attempt to kill news, to blindfold the community.

## From Paris

THREE steps were needed before the existence of mystery could be stated in print. The Paris correspondent of the Daily Express, S. L. Solon, and his staff extracted from the French police the information that the British police had asked them to find two missing members of the British Foreign Office last seen in France.

They then learned that there was a political angle to the disappearance. They then ascertained the men's names.

Had they not carried out this detective work, the news might have been kept indefinitely from the British public.

But there is another story in this volume. As the Editor of the Daily Express describes it in his brief foreword, it is a story of pressure by newspapers to get the news and of determination in high places to conceal the news.

This story is what gives the book a political value which may make it rank with the famous Number 45 or John Wilkes's The North Briton, which established the right of the Press to make political comment. For, as chapter after chapter shows, the struggle was a real one.

No newspaper, however tough, likes to be considered unreliable, and the long series of always disingenuous and sometimes starkly untruthful answers from politicians and official spokesmen was certain to damage the reputation for reliability of the newspapers who furnished material for the questions.

Up to the other day, in both the Commons and the Lords debates, a pretence was kept up that there was a mysterious security reason which made the desire of the newspapers to print the truth an imprudence.

Nor can reporters have liked to be called liars on the basis of interviews they had had with Mrs. Maclean, who from the first was recognised by the shrewd as not likely to go down to fame as one of the great truth-tellers of history.

Yet some readers may have doubts when they read "The Great Spy Scandal," for it contains a great deal of hideous stuff, about people unworthy of their families, of the institutions that nourished them, unworthy of this country.

For obvious reasons I did not attend the same famous school as Guy Burgess, but I must confess to feeling enraged by the photograph which shows him, looking like a male impersonator, in his traditional uniform.

## Squalor

WAS it really necessary, this journey through squalor? Yes. There are three reasons why the newspapers should have made the community look hard at this ugliness.

First, the Soviet Union was certainly going to throw the spotlight on the missing diplomats in the long run. If it had wanted to cover up their treachery, it would have ordered them to resign from the Foreign Office and retire quietly.

On the contrary, it withdrew them from Britain in a way certain to cause a scandal. Then the Russians would most probably have followed their usual routine and presented these two men as selfless idealists who, in the course of their work at the Foreign Office, had become sickened by the warmongering policies of Britain and her allies and had therefore fled to the peace-loving Soviet Union.

But even the Soviet Union could not carry off this humbug after the British Press had published the career details. The two were established as long-standing Soviet agents and as discreditable drunks.

If the British Government had been successful in keeping all news of them out of the newspapers, Russia might have suddenly produced them as blameless apostles of peace.

## Shocking

SECOND, the British public had to realise that the system of selecting personnel for the Civil Service had fallen into a state of chaos.

"The Great Spy Scandal" does us a considerable service by putting in permanent form the men's employment records.

The career of Burgess makes particularly shocking reading, because his run went on so long, and ended so recently, and speaks of such wild imprudence on the part of the authorities.

Before the war he professed to be a member of some British Fascist organisation and to have taken part in a Nuremberg rally. His friends say he had been instructed to infiltrate the British Fascist movement by the Communist Party, but publicly he professed sincere conversion.

However, as soon as the war started he was taken into an off-shoot of M.I.6 called the Specialist Organisation Executive, a cloak-and-dagger body which dealt with sabotage in invaded territories, dropping agents by parachute.

This was a gallant and courageous unit, and it is delightful to think that perhaps Burgess did a little to slow down its disastrous routine. But really he should not have been there at all. As we were fighting the Germans, this was grounds of breach of discipline, no place for a young man who,

on his own telling, had hobbled with Hitler.

If the security officers who screened him found out that his Fascism was only a pretence, they must presumably have also found out that he was a Communist; and that should have kept him out too, for the Stalin-Hitler Pact was still in force.

## A squint

BUT what is alarming is that 11 years later someone was still holding that umbrella up. In the intervening period he had twice been arrested for being drunk in charge of a car.

He had been a plague to his neighbours as the tenant of a West End flat where he gave riotous parties frequently ending in fights, during one of which he was thrown down stairs by another diplomat and borne away to hospital in an ambulance suffering from a fractured skull, a broken jaw, and arm injuries; and early in 1950 he was reported as having divulged official secrets.

But in August, 1950, he was appointed Second Secretary at the Embassy in Washington. All this is a state of affairs which the Press had to describe to the public. It meant that Great Britain was on the way to being deprived of what has always been reckoned by other nations as one of its greatest assets: an efficient and loyal Civil Service.

There is yet a third reason why the truth had to be told, first in the newspapers, now in this book.

In the English-speaking world people suffer from a curious mental squint when they think of Communism.

They know, because they have read it in books and newspapers, that the Communist Party is an association which requires of its members that they abandon their loyalty to their own country and obey all instructions issued by the Soviet Union, even when these instructions tell them to put the Soviet Union's interests before their own country's.

It automatically creates traitors.

## No banners

THEY also know that in every country there are a number of people who are attracted to Communism for one reason or another, perhaps because they disbelieve in the economic theory of Capitalism, or because they want to belong to a secret society which will help them on to a good place in life, or because they are neurotic and want to destroy the world by revolution.

They know all this, but they do not really believe it. If they hear of a Communist conspiracy it seems to them as unreal as the latest Agatha Christie; and they cannot believe that any real flesh-and-blood human being, particularly anybody they know, could possibly be a Communist.

So the most important part of contemporary history seems a legend to them, and they are at the mercy of any Communist who troubles to deceive them.

# AT HOME IT WAS THE BEST-FED CHRISTMAS

By Vaughan Jones

LONDON. "Give him a boat for Christmas!" appealed one slogan in a Piccadilly store. With summer's sun still months ahead, the number of passersby who enquired about the trim little sailing dinghy on display astounded even the manager.

The bulging wallets and purses represented more than Britain's state of full employment. With jobs chasing men up and down the country, Britain's workers during the year gained wages totalling £2400 million. Part of this wealth was swelling the spending wave.

## New Year Prospects

But as the notes flowed into the tills, far-sighted businessmen were already worrying about prospects for 1956. The New Year, they believe, will be a decisive one in the story of Britain's postwar prosperity and full employment. It will determine whether inflation will continue—with prices and wages chasing each other—or whether the non-stop slide in the value of the pound can be halted to give true worth to the worker's earnings.

The man striving to stabilise Britain's economy, 61-year-old Mr. Harold Macmillan, the new Chancellor, will have the advice and experience of Mr. R. A. Butler upon which to draw.

But alongside the Christmas cheer, the cold fact faces Mr. Macmillan that even under the provident Mr. Butler, Britain's cost of living rose by 20 percent over the last four years.

Mr. Macmillan has to accept that Britain's government, Tory or Labour, can henceforth expect to remain in office only so long as they provide full employment—even though this may contribute to inflation. So Mr. Macmillan has a problem. He must cut spending, curb inflation, yet provide jobs for all if he is not to lose votes over the Tory party at the next election.

Support for the Tories has dropped sharply since the last election following Mr. Butler's unpopular autumn budget. According to recent public opinion polls, Labour has now edged into leading place.

Tory popularity may sink further in the New Year. Wage claims totalling an extra £500 million a year have still to be settled. Among the claimants are the miners, railwaymen and builders. The dockers, with work vital to the export trade, and the firemen, have already put in demands.

The 80,000 dockers, now averaging £13. 16s. 1d. per week, want a "substantial" rise. The 20,000 firemen, earning between £8. 17s. and £11. 4s. 6d., want an extra 30s.

Significantly the claims are accompanied by a flat statement from the Transport and General Workers' Union to the effect that increased pay should not depend on bigger output.

## Tightening Squeeze

Mr. Macmillan, taking over Mr. Butler's Big Squeeze, has to discourage the payment of unjustified demands. These would help to price British goods out of overseas markets.

In tightening the squeeze early in the New Year, he is expected to ask the banks to intensify credit restrictions by further slashing old loans to customers, restricting new ones and clamping down harder on hire-purchase finance.

Probably he will embarrass a number of one-man businesses and throw some workers out of jobs. The Tory government will be blamed for possible hardships—and Labour will gain a number of votes at the next General Election.

But the Tory government must continue its squeeze to safeguard the pound and national prosperity. Its big task will be to do so without squeezing the poor at the election.



Russia plays a game of wait and see for

# This Richest Prize

By Russell Spurr

THE golden pagodas, the all-keen dancers, the banquets and applause—all these were shown or given to the Russian visitors in full measure because the Burmese are polite.

Naturally, the lively hosts did not tell Comrades Bulganin and Krushchev about the damaging activities of the Burmese Communists. Nor did any whisper of the misery and discontent below Burma's smiling surface reach the distinguished guests from Premier U Nu or his Ministers.

But while Messrs B. and K. were basking in the hospitality, I went by plane and train to sample the Burma they did not see.

I learned that 6,000 troops of the Communist jungle army—which still apparently takes orders from Moscow—are scattered around Mandalay.

Together with the Karens and other rebel bands, the Reds are tying down 100,000 Burmese Government troops, holding the peasants to ransom, and striding the country's economy. Villages are sacked; houses burned and burgled; farmers robbed and murdered. The water pipeline to Rangoon has been blown up and trains go sly-highly regularly along the sly-guarded railways.

## NEGLECT

The valuable teak forests are neglected. Only a quarter of the pre-war output is getting down the river to Rangoon. The rebels exact tolls all the way. The oil industry (now nationalised) still works well below capacity. The pipeline that carried fuel to the ruined Rangoon refinery from Central Burma will never be repaired.

Tin, wolfram, and ruby mines are out of behind the rebel lines.

Now the bottom has fallen out of the rice market—the Government has something like a 2,000,000-ton surplus on its hands—and all the development plans dreamed up by the planners in Rangoon have gone to pot.

So Burma, the richest country in Asia, is going begging.

Bulganin and Krushchev got no hint about any of these things from the Burmese, perhaps an urgent offer of more high-priced rice.



markets, operate trade agencies and lucrative concessions. But this is just shrugged off as one of the perks of power. I got a hint of the under-surface misery from humble, ragged folk. They find their paper notes are worth only one-fifth of the old British rupee. Necessities like cotton, cloth, and paraffin are almost unobtainable in many outlying areas, and prices for such "luxuries" as tooth-paste and soap make their purchase impossible.

But do not think Bulganin and Krushchev have missed a trick. Although they did not encounter any of Burma's sorrows, they were fully briefed on the situation by Soviet diplomats in Rangoon.

## TARGET

Burma is still Communism's most profitable target in Asia. Moscow may not interfere for the moment while its peace and co-existence theme is memorised by politicians.

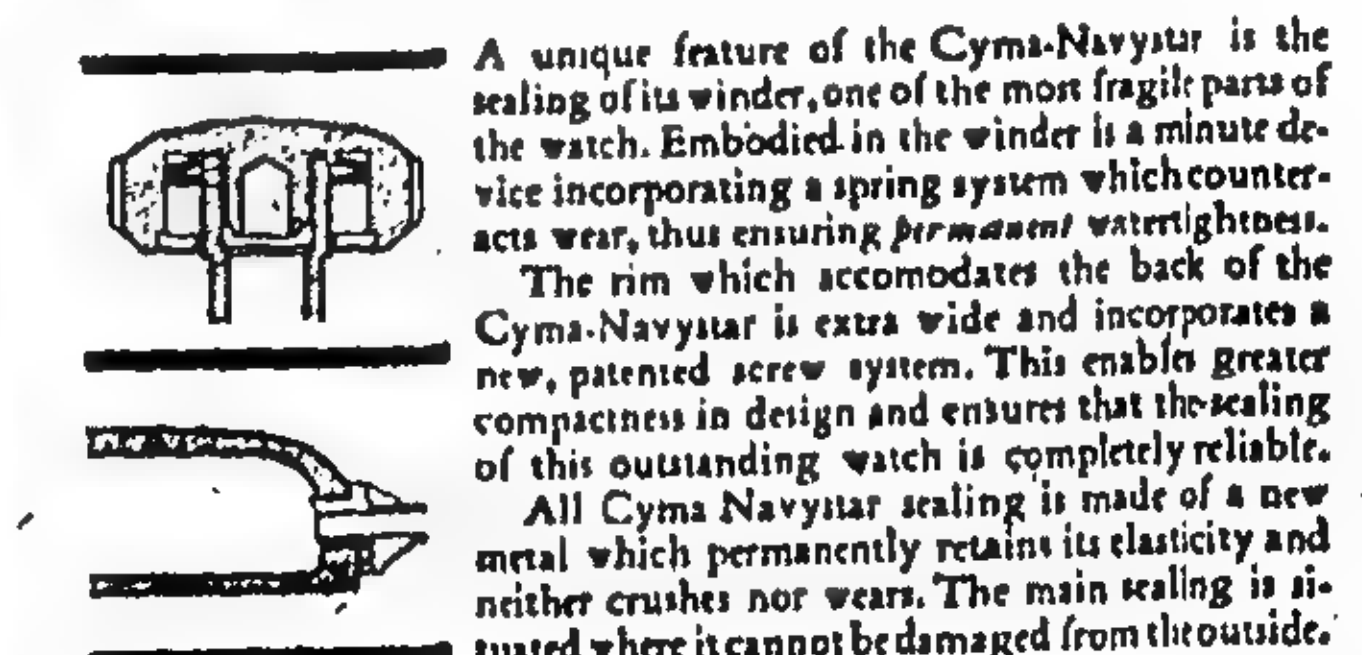
The Burmese Communist Party is not strong enough to win in a straight fight, though it is strong enough to turn down Government offers of amnesty. Let the Red jungle force stay around, as Moscow's policy. Let inefficiency and chaos run their course.

The Soviet can afford to wait. Its chief ally in Burma is time. (COPYRIGHT)

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POCKET CARTOON  
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"Really, darling, you must try to remember that a witch-hunt is only a witch-hunt until it's supported by the Astors—then it becomes a crusade."

## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT  
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**HOOVER** Herbert Hoover has all but been forgotten by the outside world. But in the United States he is still a power to be reckoned with.

When he was ousted from the presidency by Roosevelt in 1932, he all but gave up party politics. But, behind the scenes, he has been busy ever since on projects connected with the cumbersome machinery of American government.

This week he came up with a revolutionary plan to streamline the presidency.

He calculated that there are 62 departments, agencies and organisations which are directly responsible to the President and

which must report directly to him and to no one else.

If the President spent just one hour a week listening to each of them it would take up almost all his waking life.

Obviously he can't do it.

And the result is an over-worked President and sometimes administrative chaos.

So Hoover suggested the creation of an Administrative Vice-President.

The new administrator would be appointed by the President—not elected—and would ultimately be responsible to him.

But he could take over many of the organisations which now bog down the President.

Some of them are very curious—the Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre Commission, the Panama Canal Company, the National Science Commission, the Commission on Fine Arts and the Indian Claims Commission, for instance.

There were, no doubt, historical reasons for putting these items under the direct control of the President. But they could easily be passed on to someone else if only there were the official machinery to permit it.

**IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN** Just how tough a collector's life is any one who has followed the career of the late Mr. J. P. Morgan can tell you.

He will ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer when parliament reconvenes: "How many incidents have been reported of physical attacks by taxpayers on tax collectors during the past five years?"

Finding the answers will be one of Mr. Harold Macmillan's first tasks in his new job. No official statistics are published.

**CLEAN MEN** When the tough Welsh coalminers at Glamorgan's East Pit were small, their mothers drove them, protesting, into tin tubs for their weekly baths.

Last week the pit's management devised a last-resort penalty to discourage those miners from slacking.

They locked the doors of the gleaming new £40,000 pit-head bath against them.

And the coal-grimed men, after the day's stint, had to trudge home to sit unwillingly in the tin tubs they had dodged as boys.

The management had not picked the penalty irresponsibly.

Output of coal at the pit was too low, they told the men. And the bath would remain locked till more came up. Nationalisation of the coal industry did not mean one long holiday.

The men, who had eagerly awaited the bath's opening, protested.

The management refused to produce the keys. The costs of the pit, said a spokesman, were not going to be increased till the men had proved that they were going to work properly.

The men, piqued at having to go home to their wives blackened and dusty each day, referred the incident of the bath to union headquarters in South Wales.

Union officials are still discussing the next step. But the management has discovered one thing. British miners nowadays demand a daily bath.

**GIFT LOAF** Members of Parliament, accustomed to getting odd queries, requests, advice and taunts from querulous constituents, found the last loaf of bread each one received a marked variation.

They could at least eat it.

The loaves, baked by Mr. C. H. Clarke, of Oxford, were a novelty also.

They were the first in recent times that had stemmed entirely from Britain's wheat fields.

And they were sent to Members to show what could be done to cut dollar imports of wheat from Canada.

Behind the idea was Mr. J. Nickerson, a scientific grower who experiments with little plots of corn in East Anglia.

His problem was to produce a strain that would match the hard Canadian types now mixed with British-produced wheat to make the popular white loaf.

This year he found the answer—Koga Two, a clean, hard grain, which he claims will do away with the need for spending \$10,000,000 every year in Canada.

Next year, he hopes, hundreds of British farmers will be growing it alongside the country's traditional "soft" wheat, with each grain helping to narrow the dollar gap.

**DRIVE-IN THE GAOL** Camden, South Carolina, is building what must be the world's first drive-in prison.

The goal, scheduled to open for "business" early next year, will allow police cars to drive down a ramp and deposit prisoners right at their cell doors.

Reason for the "drive-in" city officials felt it was unsightly for policemen to struggle upstairs and along corridors with protesting drunks and criminals.

## BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦

## THE AUTHOR LEAPED OUT OF BED

**THACKERAY: The Uses of Adversity, 1811-1846. By Gordon N. Ray. Oxford University Press, London: Cambridge. 35s. 539 pages.**

In the Ship Inn on the front at Brighton, a young man woke up, jumped out of bed and ran round his bedroom uttering a strange name, recalled from Pilgrim's Progress, which had perched on his sleeping brain.

He had found the title for his new book. And somehow it sounded as if it would soon be famous, as if people would soon be talking about "Vanity Fair."

In the first half of his life, with which Gordon Ray is concerned in this detailed and fascinating biographical volume, young William Makepeace Thackeray had known plenty of ups and downs. He had not seen the heights. He was well known in London's Bohemia; he was not famous.

**AT WEIMAR** After school (Charterhouse) and university (Cambridge) he had gone out into the world, a young man with some money—a young man who had not yet lost his money. Life began at Weimar, a little German principality, mentally stuffy and morally relaxed.

The Grand Duke Karl reviewed the local army (400 strong); exercised a stern censorship over the local theatre. Thackeray found that to enter society one needed a uniform.

He became, by post, a cornet in the Devon Yeomanry; in his pink and sky-blue uniform he conquered a German heart or two.

After Weimar came London—too much drinking, far too much gambling, some women.

Drink brought self-disgust, gambling brought ruin, women brought troubles of another kind.

Time and again Thackeray swore that he had visited the gambling halls of Regent's Quadrant "for the last time, so help me God."

Even when he had squandered his fortune, the urge remained.

One incident of his youth remained a source of shame to him all through life. He went into a firm which discounted bills at 40 or 50 percent. The future author of "Vanity Fair" became a usurer.

... with a strange cry on his lips. William Makepeace Thackeray had named his masterpiece

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

It was worse than disreputable. It was ungentlemanly. To make it still worse, the venture failed. Twenty years later, a jealous hack could hurt him with a sneer at "that admitted old note-shaver, Thackeray."

From a raffish life in London he fled to a gay one in Paris, among other English expatriates, gentlemen fleeing from their debts, ladies escaping from their reputations. "There is on the face of the earth," Thackeray observed, "no scamp like our English one, no blackguard like one of these half-gentlemen."

He had precious little money; lived for a month on five pounds and bought a waistcoat out of its married and had still. "There was nothing for it but a return to London and—last

desperate throw of the man of talent—a career in journalism. "Nothing but a thorough-going blackguard ought to attempt the daily press," was the opinion of Sir Walter Scott. Thackeray attempted it, found he could do it better than most.

"You must not alarm yourself about my infinite struggles, hardships and labours," he told his mother. "Every one of them do good." One day he dined with his wife at the Trafalgar Tavern in Greenwich. He was "as poor as a rat" with £1 in the pocket. He spent 17s. on the meal. "I wanted to nerve and excite myself up to writing."

His was a vigorous, daring temperament that produced more and better work under the spur of need, amid the clatter of

printing machines. In 1840, when he woke in the Ship Inn, Brighton, Thackeray was 35, an overworked, successful journalist, conscious of talents he had not yet exploited. "Vanity Fair" changed all that.

It expounded a criticism of society subtler than anything he had done before. It contained his greatest character, in Becky Sharp, Thackeray thought he was depicting a bad woman; in fact, he was forecasting the career of a woman. As for good women, he could not draw one without turning her into "the whimpering little goddess whom he deifies in every novel" (as a disgusted critic complained). The whimpering little goddesses wept and blushed but never came alive.

**CONQUEST** "Vanity Fair" made a swift conquest of Victorian England. Even the leadership of Dickens was challenged.

For long it had seemed that Thackeray, vigorous, hard-living, able, could not make up his mind whether he was a satirist or a novelist. Now he had showed triumphantly that, once at least in his life, he could be both.

**BUT WHY, SAID THE DUKE, SHOULD ANYONE WANT A NAPKIN RING?**

By ROBERT BLAKE

For example, Lord Winterton deals with "labours" and describes how the eighth Duke of Devonshire, then a Liberal, once took high tea with a prominent nonconformist supporter. The Duke was of a somnolent disposition and conversation flagged. At last the Duke broke a prolonged silence by pointing to a napkin ring and asking:

"What is that? I've never seen anything like it before."

"That, Your Grace," said his hostess, "is a ring for the serviette."

**HIS DISMAY** "But why," said the Duke with a firmness which would please that great expert upon upper class usage, Miss Nancy Mitford, "do you want a ring for a 'napkin'?"

"Well, you see," she replied, "it is to see that no one at the next meal uses someone else's napkin by mistake."

Lord Winterton recalls the brutality and squalor of the lives of the poor in his own younger days and the complacency with which this state of affairs was accepted, is by no means sure. Again, divorce may have increased, but that does not prove that sexual morality has become worse. It may merely be that people are less hypocritical. At all events there is no means of deciding such a question with certainty.

**HIS DOUBTS** Was Elton in Lord Winterton's youth the ideal seminary for educating the sons of the governing class? Lord Winterton has his doubts.

"Though I am glad I was at Elton and not at any other school I have not the enthusiasm for it possessed by most Old Eltonians.... It is Oxford University and the House of Commons which produce in me a nostalgia at once sweet and painful, whenever I revisit either."

However, he gently rebukes the late Sir Desmond McCarthy for painting an unduly lurid picture of the amount of vice prevalent in their old school at that time.

Is the modern addiction to the cinema and television screen a sign of intellectual decadence? Lord Winterton thinks not.

"Naturally as a writer and a journalist I want people to read books and newspapers," he observes. "But I am not convinced that to see a good film or hear an instructive talk must necessarily be of less intellectual value than reading a good book."

**Telling Tales** SATURDAY EVENING POST STORIES (Elek Books, Ltd. 15s.).

HOW much can be said about a collection of Saturday Evening Post stories? If one cared to analyse each of the 20 selected by the editors and presented to British readers for the first time, then there would be a great deal of space taken up with needless superlatives.

On the other hand, how little can be written and, at the same time, do justice to them? Omitting all the superlatives the result, in my opinion, is this: these new tales have appeared in the world-famous journal should be sufficient for any reader in search of good material.

The collection includes two "long short stories" by the well-known writers, Ray Boyle and MacKinlay Kantor, but to select one of the others to head the short list is far too difficult. The shortest must be the with the reader—M.C.

THE SWEATED-ON OR PRESERVED-FOR-POSTERITY SMILE.

THE POSSESSIVE OR SHE'S-ALL-MINE SMILE.

THE FORCED SMILE AS YOU LISTEN TO DADDY RELATE JUNIOR'S BRAINY CRACKS.

THE SUPERIOR SMILE OF THE EVOLVED BRANCH OF THE FAMILY.

THE MONA LISA OR MYSTERY SMILE—DESIGNED TO SLAY THE BOYS.

THE HE-A-BOY SMILE.

THE I-TOLD-YOU-SO SMILE... PARTICULARLY SICKENING WHEN YOU HAVE GONE FIFTEEN MILES IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

THE SELF-SATISFIED SMILE OF THE MORNING—COLD-SHOWER ADDICT.

THE SWEATED-ON OR PRESERVED-FOR-POSTERITY SMILE.

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## Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

## Kentner Recital Greet New Year

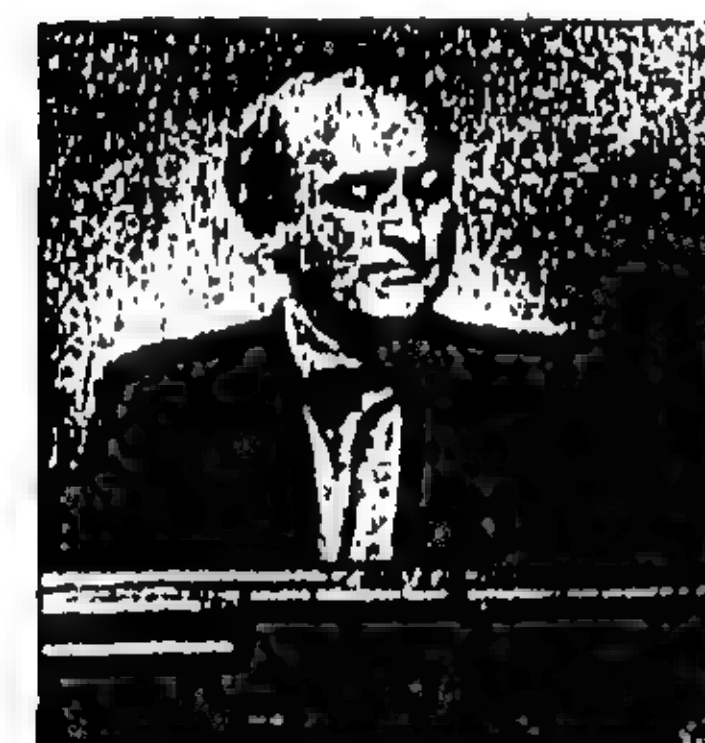
MYSTERY SERIAL  
STARTS  
TOMORROW

Famed pianist and composer Louis Kentner gives a New Year recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong tomorrow evening at half past nine, before an invited audience.

Louis Kentner, who was born in Karwin, Silesia, but who has lived in England since 1935, has had a brilliant career as a concert pianist - beginning at the age of fifteen.

As an interpretative artist, he shows unusually wide sympathies, and these will be illustrated in his recitals in Hongkong this coming week.

Besides broadcasting a recital tomorrow evening, this distinguished artist has agreed to appear in "Music Magazine" tomorrow morning at 12.15.



The pianist, Louis Kentner, who is to give a piano recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong tomorrow evening at 9.30

when he will talk about some of the works which he will play in the evening's recital, and demonstrate points at the piano.

## "Auld Acquaintance"

Most people in Hongkong will be singing "Auld Lang Syne" at midnight tonight—but how many of those singers know the origin of the song—or indeed the words of more than the first verse—even though it is probably the best known of all music to come out of Scotland.

In a feature called "Auld Acquaintance" at half past ten this evening, the gradual development of the present form of "Auld Lang Syne" from the original 16th Century poem will be illustrated in words and song.

"Auld Acquaintance" has been specially written by Alec Hardie, and the programme is produced for Radio Hongkong by the British Council, the person of Janet Tomblin. The narrator is Bill Phillips, and the singer John McLeod.

## "Dead Circuit"

Listeners who enjoy a Sunday evening mystery serial will be glad to hear that a new series from the life of the fast driving, chess-playing "Hugo" of "Dead Silence" fame begins tomorrow evening at half past eight, from Radio Hongkong.

The new serial about Hugo Bishop—the favourite radio sleuth, was written by Eileston Trevor, based on the novel by Simon Ratray.

A much sought-after secret weapon, causing mysterious deaths in England and Spain, is the theme of this new mystery serial, called "Dead Circuit", which is produced by Audrey Cameron for the BBC.

## "Motoring Magazine"

"Motoring Magazine's" first programme for the new year includes a despatch on the motor racing situation in Europe, by Dick Bonstead-Smith; a talk about the value of multi-grade oils for the motorist; and a road test of the Riley Pathfinder.

With the arrival of 1956, plans for the Macao Grand Prix are already on the way, but the most thorny problem of all is insurance. This subject has recently been aired in the press, but with a view to casting further light on the matter, six people representing various viewpoints have been invited to come along and discuss the matter informally, and without scripts.

"Motoring Magazine", which is edited and introduced by Timothy Birch, will be on the air at 9.30 on Tuesday evening.

## "This Week Looks Back"

Tonight "This Week Looks Back" through the weeks of 1955 and brings to the micro-

phone again some of the outstanding personalities, reports, interviews and news items which have been heard in Radio Hongkong's topical news magazine through the past year.

"This Week Looks Back" can be heard at 8 o'clock this evening, and will be compiled and introduced by Timothy Birch.

1	2	3	4	5	6
A					
B					
C					
D					
E					
F					

You will need this if you wish to attempt the "Radio Crossword" from Radio Hongkong at 9 p.m. tomorrow.

## "Auld Acquaintance"

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second).

## Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL FAVORITES.

2.00 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Jean.

3.00 HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA. Recorded during the second half of their Christmas Concert at the Hitz.

3.30 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by John Murphy.

4.00 THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE. "Mistral Without Transportation".

A West Highland comedy by Calum MacLeod adapted and produced by Finlay J. Macdonald.

4.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Army v. Royal Marines.

Commentary from Hongkong Government Stadium.

5.15 "KILTS ON PARADE." At Columella's United Gaelic Pipe Band.

Scotland The Brave; Skye Boat Song; The Hundred Pipers; Road to the Isles; The Howan Tree; Will Ye No Come Back Again—Sean MacGonigal Pipe Major.

5.30 THE MELACHRINO ORCHESTRA. Can't help Singing; Waltz in Water-Colour; Midnight in Mayfair; Way to the Stars; My Heart and I; You are my heart's delight; The Lullaby Chorus; Paddy's Dream; Whistle While you Work; It's a lovely day tomorrow.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.03 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS. Calling: R.E.M.E. Att. 27 Gurka Rifles.

6.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

7.03 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

7.15 "JUNE BOX PARADE." Presented by Nick Kendall.

7.45 "THIS WEEK LOOKS BACK." News, reports and interviews: some of the highlights broadcast during the year.

Compiled by Timothy Birch.

8.15 A NEW YEAR MESSAGE (LONDON RELAY).

By the Rt. Hon. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies.

8.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Kowloon v. Hongkong.

Commentary from the Club Ground.

8.35 "A SHAKING CARAVAN." George Shearing Quintet.

Caravan; Day in Love; Drum Trouble; I've never been in love before; Mood for Love.

9.30 DORIS DAY IN SONG. From "Love me or leave me." With orchestra conducted by Percy Faith.

9.50 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

10.03 FORCES' EVENING SERVICE. Conducted by a Royal Naval Chaplain.

10.30 "TREASURE ISLAND." By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Part of "The Fight of the Multitudes."

10.35 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

11.03 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11.15 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.

11.30 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF MASS. Church of St. Joseph.

Presented by The Rev. Father J. O'Meara, S.J.

11.35 MUSICAL MOMENTS. Slavko Pinoff (cello) with Orla Neuhoff (piano).

Chopin's "Pavane" (Chakovsky); Italian Serenade; The Swan (Saint-Saens); Der Himmelhimmel (Rimsky-Korsakov).

11.40 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. The HMC Scottish Orchestra. Conducted by Ian Whyte.

12.00 NEWS LOVE SONGS FROM FOREIGN LANDS. Sung by Nelson Gaddy (baritone) with Theodore Paxson (piano).

12.15 p.m. MUSIC MAGAZINE. Adapted and introduced by Peter Sharp.

## CITY SPOTLIGHT.

Victor Horne. Comedy in Music.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL.

STUDIO: SPORTS CAVALCADE. Edited by Eric Young. Produced by John Wallace.

9.30 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR. With Tony Hancock, Mollie Watt, Bill Kerr, Sidney James.

10.00 MUSIC FROM THE CHAM-PAGNE ROOM.

10.30 "AULD ACQUAINTANCE"—THE STORY OF AULD LANG SYNE WRITTEN BY ALEX HARDIE. Produced for the British Council by Janet Tomblin.

Singer: John McLeod. Reader: Bill Phillips.

10.35 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL.

RADIO DANCE DATE.

11.31 THE BELLS OF ST JOHN'S CATHEDRAL RING OUT THE OLD YEAR.

12.00 MIDNIGHT NEW YEAR CHIMES. Auld Lang Syne.

12.05 a.m. "ALL JOIN IN." A musical play in popular song.

12.30 CLOSE DOWN.

## Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.

PROGRAMME SUMMARY AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.01 TRADITIONAL MELODIES.

8.30 OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL. NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

9.10 THE VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. "Two Ballads."

9.30 WE BING FOR YOU. Sammy Davis Jr., Jane Frazar, Lawrence Road, Hey there. And this is my beloved, September Song; Because of You; Sammy Davis Jr.; I believe; Jane Frazar (singer). The Finger of suspicion points at you, I wonder, the Song from De-stress; GIMMOND JENKINS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

10.30 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF MASS. Church of St. Joseph.

Presented by The Rev. Father J. O'Meara, S.J.

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Compiled by Timothy Birch.

## Louis Kentner talks about the

music he is playing in his broadcast this evening; George Luxatlo gives an illustrated programme, notes on Beethoven's 4th Symphony; S. M. Dard talks about the Mozart bicentenary year.

12.45 "BROADBAND" (LEARNER—LOUWE)—SELECTIONS FROM THE MUSICAL PLAY. Sung by the Principal & Chorus of the Broadway production.

Orchestra conducted by Frank Allister.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.25 STUDIO: SPORTS TIME. FORCES' PROGRAMME.

1.35 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.

2.30 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL. Bawthout (Mozart—Paganini) with Howard Barlow and chorus & orchestra.

3.00 "JOURNEY INTO SPACE." Written and produced by Charles Chilton.

Pholodis D. "The Fight of the Multitudes."

3.30 HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.

4.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Kowloon v. Hongkong Motor Bus.

Commentary from the Club Ground.

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Chopin's "Pavane" (Chakovsky); Italian Serenade; The Swan (Saint-Saens); Der Himmelhimmel (Rimsky-Korsakov).

11.40 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. The HMC Scottish Orchestra. Conducted by Ian Whyte.

12.00 NEWS LOVE SONGS FROM FOREIGN LANDS. Sung by Nelson Gaddy (baritone) with Theodore Paxson (piano).

12.15 p.m. MUSIC MAGAZINE. Adapted and introduced by Peter Sharp.

12.30 CLOSE DOWN.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL FAVORITES.

2.00 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Jean.

3.00 HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA. Recorded during the second half of their Christmas Concert at the Hitz.

3.30 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by John Murphy.

4.00 THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE. "Mistral Without Transportation".

A West Highland comedy by Calum MacLeod adapted and produced by Finlay J. Macdonald.

4.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Army v. Royal Marines.

Commentary from Hongkong Government Stadium.

5.15 "KILTS ON PARADE." At Columella's United Gaelic Pipe Band.

Scotland The Brave; Skye Boat Song; The Hundred Pipers; Road to the Isles; The Howan Tree; Will Ye No Come Back Again—Sean MacGonigal Pipe Major.

5.30 THE MELACHRINO ORCHESTRA. Can't help Singing; Waltz in Water-Colour; Midnight in Mayfair; Way to the Stars; My Heart and I; You are my heart's delight; The Lullaby Chorus; Paddy's Dream; Whistle While you Work; It's a lovely day tomorrow.







## BOXING

## Shake Up Those Referees

Says HAROLD MAYES

Boxing's boo-boys are having a succession of birthdays. And it is no longer just a matter of the betting fraternity shouting through their pockets.

The rank and file customers who pay for being entertained and seeing fair play are getting far too many justifiable opportunities of voicing their disapproval of controversial verdicts.

In fact, the stage has now been reached when you're lucky if there isn't at least one bad verdict at every show.

And it is not only the decisions which cause comment from people in the business. The way contests are handled is another matter giving cause for alarm.

## NO TWO ALIKE

No two referees seem to have the same method of operating. Some give countless "last warnings" for offences, and never act. Others act without giving sufficient indication of doing so.

Some warn a man for ducking below the waistline before he has hardly nodded his head. Others let him nearly kiss his boots and say nothing.

Some warn a man for hitting with the inside of the glove, then let him continue to do so, and give him the decision. Oh, I could just go on enumerating the clangers they drop.

British Boxing Board of Control stewards see these things happening. They hear the boo when it's obvious that the referee is the only one in step.

It isn't possible to conceive that they let these things go unheeded, but, whatever action they may take, the same men are allowed to go on making mistakes.

## FIRM MEASURES

Desperate situations call for desperate measures, and I suggest that the time for a thorough overhaul of the whole refereeing system is at hand.

There are fewer promotions today, which means that fewer referees are needed. Surely there could be no more opportune moment for a weeding-out process.

There are some good referees around. Really sound men who don't look for the easy way out; who don't find excuses to warn one man when they are seeking advice in advance; who don't duck the bread-and-butter shows when it's their turn on the rota because those promotions aren't glamorous enough.

It shouldn't be difficult for the Board, through its area councils and inspectors, to find those men who don't spoil good contests either because of the way they are handled or because of the decisions. The sooner they're given their chances the better.

## Mannion's Partner

Remember that ill-fated Army Cup Final at Aldershot when lightning struck, killed two players and injured several others, the referee and spectators? The Royal Engineer's outside-left that day was Bobby Barker, of West Bromwich. The clever winger has since been with Shrewsbury, but now is partner to the great Wilf Mannion at Poole.

## BRITAIN'S OLYMPIC HOPES

On track and field, in gymnastics, baths, in towns and villages up and down the country, Britain's top athletes are preparing for a tilt at the biggest prize amateur sport has to offer—an Olympic Gold Medal. What are their chances?

This series takes you into the dressing rooms, and shower baths, introduces you to the men and women who hope for the honour of wearing the Union Jack on their track suits in Melbourne next year. It tells the story of their rise to fame, their hopes and fears.

## ROY KNOCKS 'EM COLD IN THE OLD KENT ROAD

By ERIC NICHOLLS

When the Great Britain boxing team for the 1956 Olympic Games is named, one man had better be in it. Otherwise, the whole of the Borough of Southwark will want to know very definite reasons why.

For these hardy Southwark folk are proud of Roy Francis, the 20-year-old international Light-Middleweight, who possesses one of the handiest sets of knuckles in the business—sorry, sport.

And the people of that South-East London Borough are justified in their hero-worship. In just a few short weeks, Southwark Roy has graduated from just another good prospect to a "big name" in the affairs of amateur boxing.

Master C. Ross Descharrain, of Russia and Frank L. Davis, of the United States of America will, I feel sure, gladly give evidence on that score.

Called in as a late substitute against the Russians, Francis convinced everyone except the judges that he had beaten Descharrain.

But in his next international contest—against America—the police-faced bit mechanic didn't bother to ask the judges for their opinions.

## LAND OF SLUMBER

Instead he dispatched Frank Davis to the land of slumber with a right hook 59 seconds after the start of the argument. And Davis was supposed to be the knock-out specialist!

Great Britain won 7-3. Francis, by reason of that expert piece of uppercutting, became a national sporting hero in the eyes of millions of televisioners.

Yet, but for Dad, Roy Francis might have been just another back alley kid, drifting from pub to pin table. Roy didn't ask his Dad. He was told by Mr Francis senior that street corners were no place for a lad of his tender age.

So young Roy transferred his attentions to the front room where Dad put the gloves on him and taught him how to fight—the legal way.

Roy was duly converted to the noble art, a conversion he never regretted. Nor has he any misgivings about the partnership which embraces Dad as manager, trainer, adviser and what-have-you.

Indeed, since that first day Roy stepped off the Old Kent Road and into the ring to do battle with a similarly disposed young gentleman, he has collected a pinto-top crammed with medals and trophies, cupboards full of tea services and cutlery, and an assortment of black eyes and bruises.

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Hogan Bussey, beat Billy "Spider" Kelly by KO in 10th round.
2. An indirect free kick for a correct charge, a penalty for a foul charge.
3. Stan Mortensen for Blackpool against Bolton in 1952-53.
4. Joey Maxim.
5. The selling of racehorses.
6. Six.
7. (a) The Oval (b) Lord's.
8. Eton.
9. Fox Hunting.
10. Nottinghamshire.



ROY FRANCIS

That same partnership has provided him with 205 fights, 185 wins, mostly inside the distance, and an ABA record in the 1953 Championships when he won his way through to the final with all knock-out victories. (European Champion Bruce Wells, won on points in the final.)

## TWO ABA FINALS

It has brought him honours all along the line, including two ABA finals, and an Imperial Services title.

It has brought him five international wins, and four international wins.

But Roy will never swap knives and forks for the hard cash of professional prizes. Mum wouldn't like it.

Offers came pouring in after the Davis bout. Roy turned them all down.

For his mother hates boxing. She will not even watch his televised bouts.

So this dynamic young man will remain an amateur.

Now younger brothers Barry (13) another southpaw, and George (11) are being given the same drawing room treatment that started Roy off on the road to fame. Both are following in Roy's footsteps. For they hold, as Roy did, Southwark school-boy titles.

And George captains his school team at football. Roy once had a trial for Chelsea ("too many internationals to compete with there"). He de-

clined boxing and football didn't go together when he found himself playing in a cup-match complete with extra time in the afternoon, and a boxing semi-final in the evening.

Only one obstacle stands in the way of a trip to the Melbourne Olympic Games. Roy still needs to win that elusive ABA title. His next attempt—in April—may be third time lucky.

## RIGID TRAINING

But he is not leaving anything to chance. His rigid training schedule includes an hour and a half road and gym work every evening, seven nights a week, and two sparring sessions—"always against orthodox opponents."

Afterwards, comes Mum's nightly steak, eggs and cauliflower.

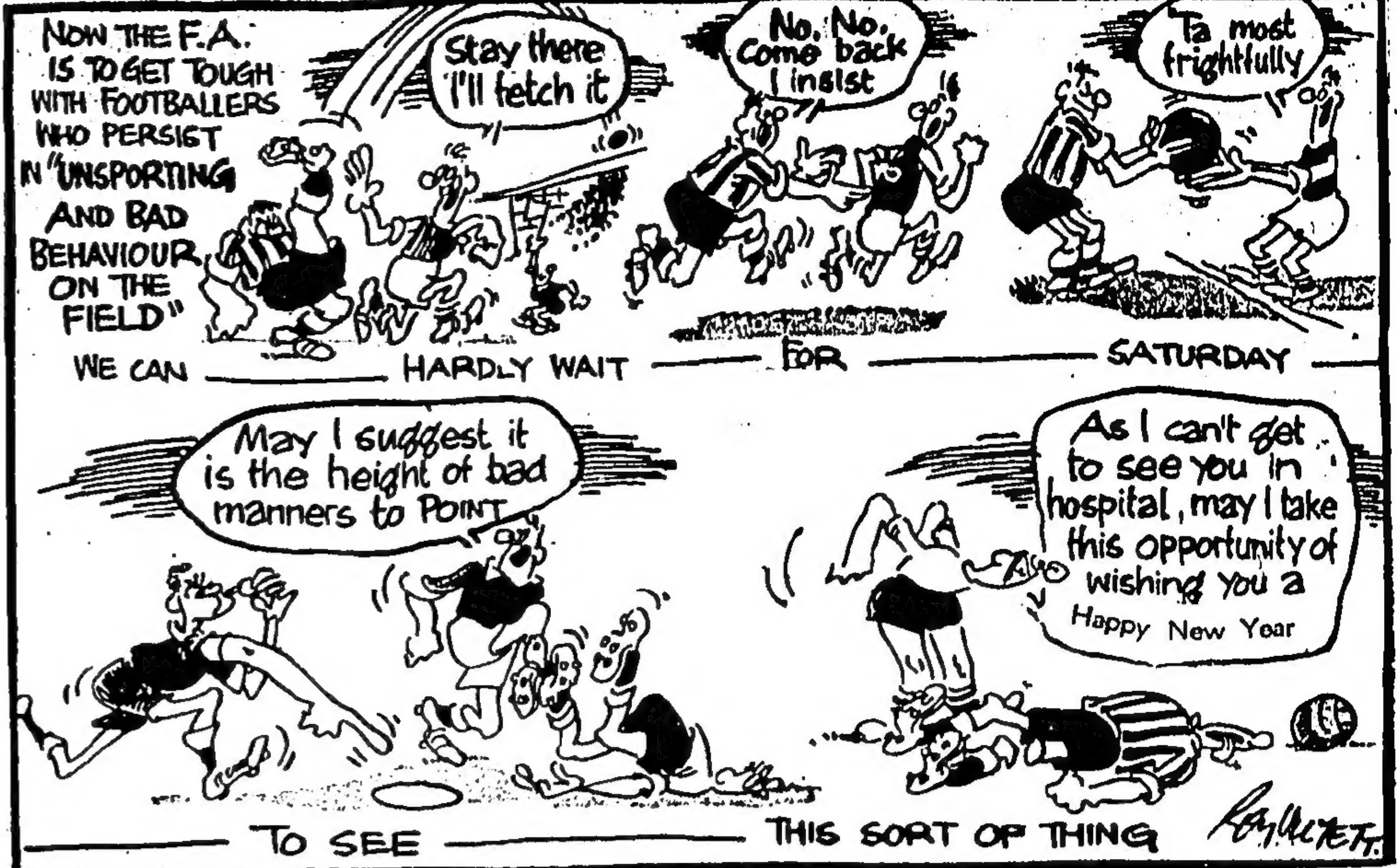
One of Roy's fans will have an even keener interest in his boxing affairs next year. For in July, 19-year-old Jean Beard, who lives a couple of streets from Roy's home, becomes Mrs Roy Francis, after a two-year engagement.

I'm supposed to be unbiased. But I'm joining the Roy Francis Fan Club. I like the honesty of the man, I like his modesty and the way in which he has put the feelings of his mother before financial gain.

I'll be rooting for him in Melbourne. He'll be there, I'm sure.

—(London Express Service).

(COPYRIGHT)



## Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Bill Edrich

By ARCHIE QUICK

The simultaneous news that Denis Compton has left hospital, that the MCC tourists are in Pakistan and that Australia is searching feverishly for new batsmen and bowlers to bring to England in April brings happy summer memories on cold, dank winter days.

The visit of the Aussies and the possibility of Compton being unable to play, even for Middlesex, has spurred his Middlesex "twin", Bill Edrich, to out-of-season, indoor practice. He attends regularly at All Gover's school at Wandsworth or Jack Durston's at Acton, and is determined to make a Test comeback.

Bill's career has been curiously parallel to Compton's. They both started as professional footballers, and both were outside lefts—Compton with Arsenal, Edrich with Spurs. For Middlesex they have been together in many unforgettable partnerships, and three seasons ago each passed the 3,000 runs mark. Both are England men, of course, and both outstanding fielders and good bowlers, Compton as left arm change, and Edrich a fast opener for his county and his country.

## WINTER PRACTICE

When I saw Edrich at Gover's recently he told me that he had not put in so much winter practice since the War. "I shall be forty before the next season opens", he said, "and I need to keep my eye in all the year round now. There is a doubt about Denis, but Middlesex have some fine youngsters to stand-in. I shall captain again, but my aim is to get back into the side against Australia. I have never felt fitter, and I am optimistic."

It would not be Edrich's first comeback. He struck a truly terrifying spell of bad form with Wally Hammond's team in South Africa in 1939. Four and ten were his totals in the first Test, a "duck" in the second, he did not bat in the third having been dropped in the batting order, he had six in the fourth, and still Hammond persevered with him despite the attack of the critics.

## SOCCER ON THE INSIDE

Edited by SAM LEITCH &amp; TERENCE ELLIOT

Black-haired Bobby Smith, one of six Chelsea centre-forwards, was playing snooker in the games room above manager Ted Drake's office last week. Sixty minutes later he was a Spurs player and Chelsea were £18,000 richer.

Spurs boss Jimmy Anderson had bought his man at the third attempt. But why had 22-year-old Smith, who only a month ago refused to go to White Hart Lane, changed his mind?

First manager Anderson told him: "You will be our League centre-forward immediately."

Secondly manager Drake stressed the problem: "I am well off for centre-forwards. I have Roy Bentley, Ron Tindall, Jim Lewis, Les Stubbs, Les Allen, and you. It's a job trying to fit you all in."

So Smith signed. This completes about £50,000 worth of purchases by 'Spurs since November 2—John Ryden from Accrington, Maurice Norman from Norwich, and Smith.

'Spurs Vice-Chairman, Mr E. Dewhurst Hornsby points out: "All three were not on the transfer list and did not even want to leave their clubs."

## NEVER GAVE UP

"I think Smith's signing is a tribute to the tenacity of Jimmy Anderson. He has always been sweet on him and he never gave up. I am very proud of this success."

But the move poses an embarrassing problem for Ted Drake. How to stay pals with the dozens of club managers in the country whom he had persistently told: "Smith will never leave Chelsea."

Chorographer and ballet dancer Tutte Lemkow, ex-footballer and friend of pricey Hans Jeppson, wrote to Charlton chief Jimmy Seed offering to coach Charlton in a kind of ballet-gymnastics.

Says Tutte: "I got a polite but very significant reply from Mr Seed which illustrates the attitude of English football training today."

"Mr Seed thanked me for my offer but said his players mostly concentrated their training on ball control."

So friendly are the relations between Portsmouth and Queen's Park Rangers that the London Third Division side will not ask for a share of the fee Pompey paid for 17-year-old wing-half Brian Carter.

Pompey chief Eddie Lever made an all-night motor dash to sign Carter from Southern League Weymouth on Tuesday.

But unknown to him, Carter was a QPR player. They had registered him as a League amateur last summer. Then Carter turned professional. But regulation 89 of the Football League rules enables QPR to retain the player's registration after signing pro forms for a non-League side.

## A LITTLE PEEVED

QPR manager Jack Taylor is a little peeved Carter did not when I told him when the Pompey transfer was pending. "He promised to let me know," he added.

The transfer is one of the most complicated on record. I told Mr Fred Howard about it his comment was: "As far as we are concerned Carter has a QPR registration."

Final friendly word from Mr Taylor: "My club will be content with a few kind words from Pompey."

Urgent January date for Reading manager Harry Johnson. He wants to go

North to watch two Lancashire Combination players he has had recommended.

"No names yet," says the ex-Blackpool skipper who hopes the players can go straight into his League side.

Harry is still living in a hotel in Reading. He realises Reading's team problems take priority over his domestic arrangements.—London Express Service.

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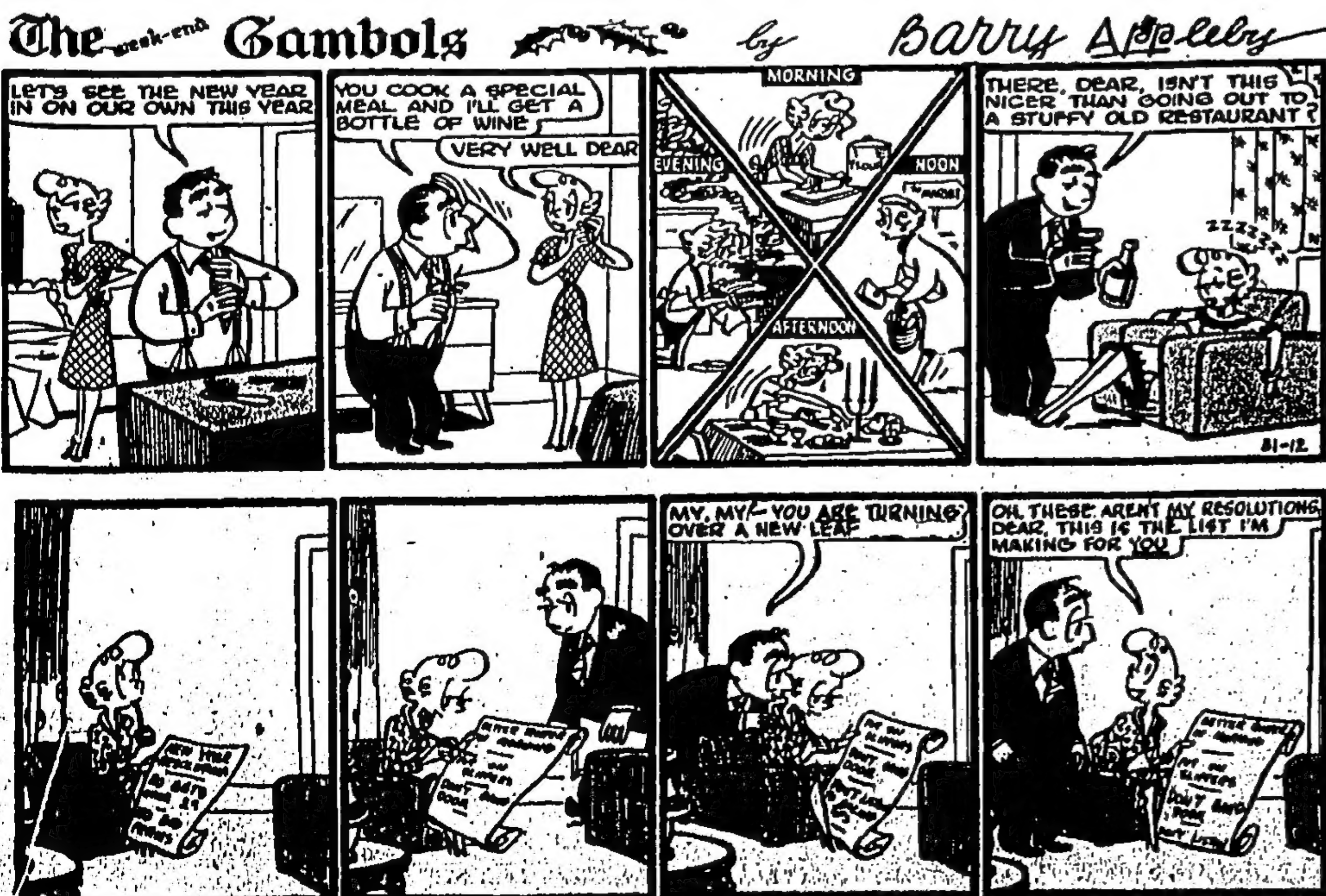


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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

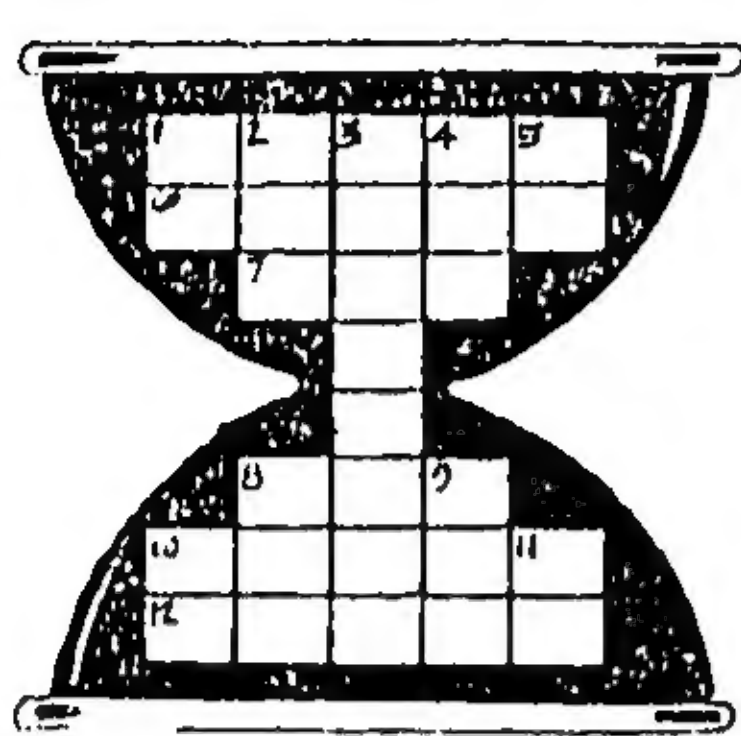


## NEW YEAR PUZZLES

CROSSWORD

DIAMOND

CARTOONIST Cal has placed today's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of an hourglass:



ACROSS

- 1 What the Puzzlemaster wants the New Year to be for you
- 6 Fish out
- 7 Baba and the Forty Thieves
- 8 Disturb
- 10 Do it again
- 12 Be like a legacy

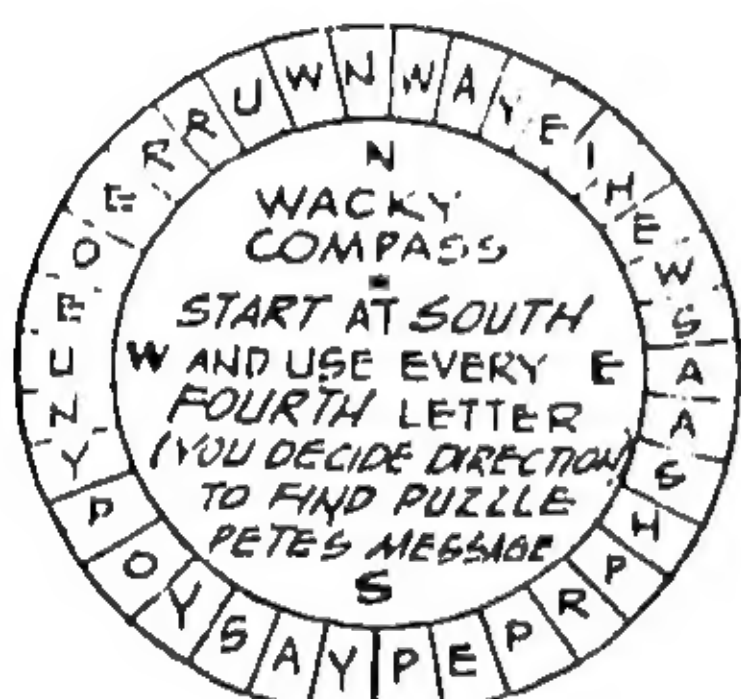
DOWN

- 1 Pronoun
- 2 Constellation
- 3 While men to the Indians
- 4 Greek letter
- 5 Biblical pronoun
- 6 Provided with food
- 7 Report
- 10 Egyptian sun god
- 11 Beam (n)

### NEW YEAR HODGEPODGE

Rearrange the letters in each of the change sentences below to form two statements pertaining to New Year's Day. GREY HILT SINGE OPA SO BOY IN RENEW SALUTE

### WACKY COMPASS

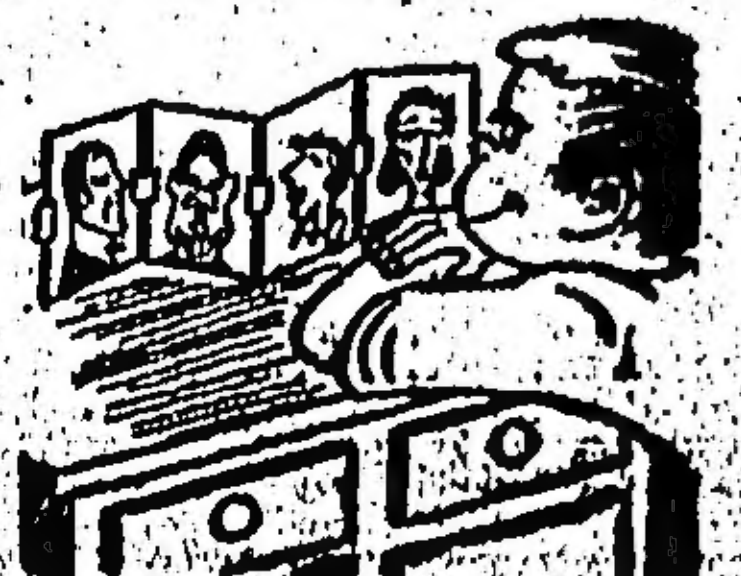


### HOW TO MAKE A FAN CLUB TO CARDBOARD

1. Cut out 4 pieces of CARDBOARD like this...
2. CUT 1/2 INCH SLITS IN THE CENTER OF THE SIDES OF EACH PIECE.

3. THREAD A 3 INCH RIBBON THROUGH THE SLITS. START HERE
4. Pull ribbon tight...leave 1/2 inch at end...lap end over and glue to back.

5. Cut out pictures of your favorite movie stars and paste them on the sections.



This is the YEAR END as well as the beginning of a new year, so the Puzzlemaster uses that as a centre for his diamond. The second word is "meadow", third "depart", fifth "uncover", and sixth "an abstract being". Complete the diamond.

Y  
E  
A  
R  
E  
N  
D  
E  
N  
D

### NEW YEAR WORD CHAIN

Change RING to BELL. In seven moves. After only one letter at a time, without moving its position in the word, and have a good word each time.

(Solutions on Page 20)

## THE FIRST "ATOMIC FAIR"

ONE of the major questions exercising the minds of world statesmen right now is how to turn atomic energy into a blessing for humanity instead of a menace.

To study this problem, the scientists of the world met at Geneva two months ago and compared notes. The strange thing is that East and West found that despite



the secrecy they had maintained on their atomic investigations each side knew just as much as the other.

The main exhibitors were America and Russia. The U.S. had on view a research reactor which gave off an eerie blue light. This, it was explained, was some of the energy generated being released as a visible glow.

Besides the scientists, buyers came from all over the world to purchase atomic plant. An American firm opened a booking office on a yacht in the Lake of Geneva and business flowed briskly.

The stamp which commemorates this first "atomic fair" is issued by the United States.

It is recess-printed; costs 5d. In London and is inscribed with this striking slogan for the gathering at Geneva:

"To find the way by which the inventiveness of man shall be consecrated to his life."

Let's hope it works out like that.—J. A. A.

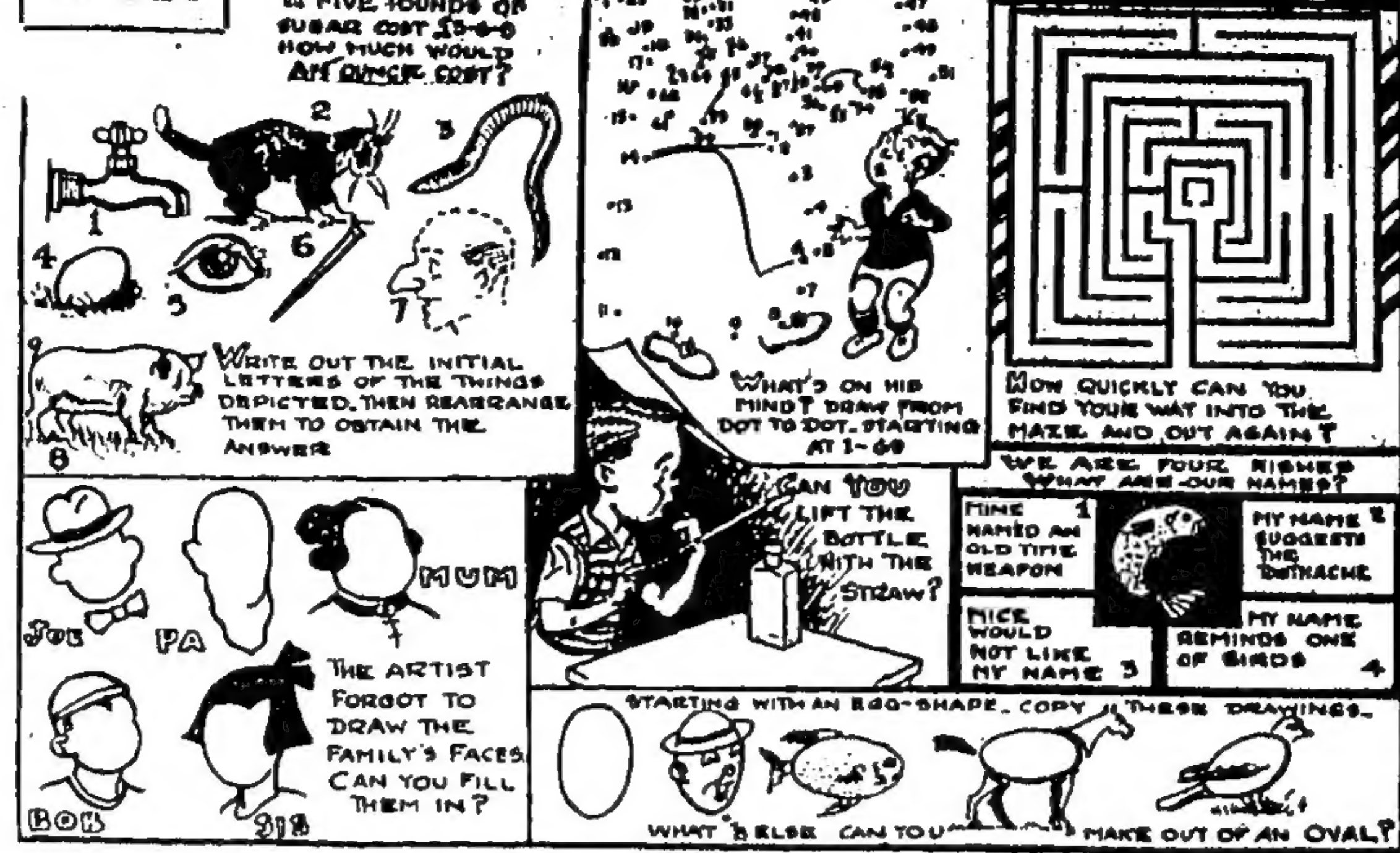
## 400'S WHO



THE PORCUPINE CAN GRUNT, GRUMBLE, SCREAM, WHINE, MOW, CHATTER, SHRIEK, AND EVEN CRY LIKE A CHILD, BUT USUALLY IS SILENT.

THERE ARE NO SNAKES IN IRELAND, MADAGASCAR OR NEW ZEALAND.

## 15 MINUTES' FUN



(Answers on Page 20)

## Have You Ever Tried Making A Boomerang?

WHY not make a boomerang?

Either of the simple boomerangs described here, when thrown into the wind, can travel up to 100 feet along the ground, then gracefully rise to a height of 70 to 100 feet, and return to the vicinity of the thrower.

You will need two pieces of light, tough wood. Spruce is best if you can get it. It must be around one-quarter of an inch thick.

The one made in the form of a letter "T" is called the "straightaway" boomerang, because it travels its greatest distance along the ground, then rises in the air, but does not always return to the thrower.

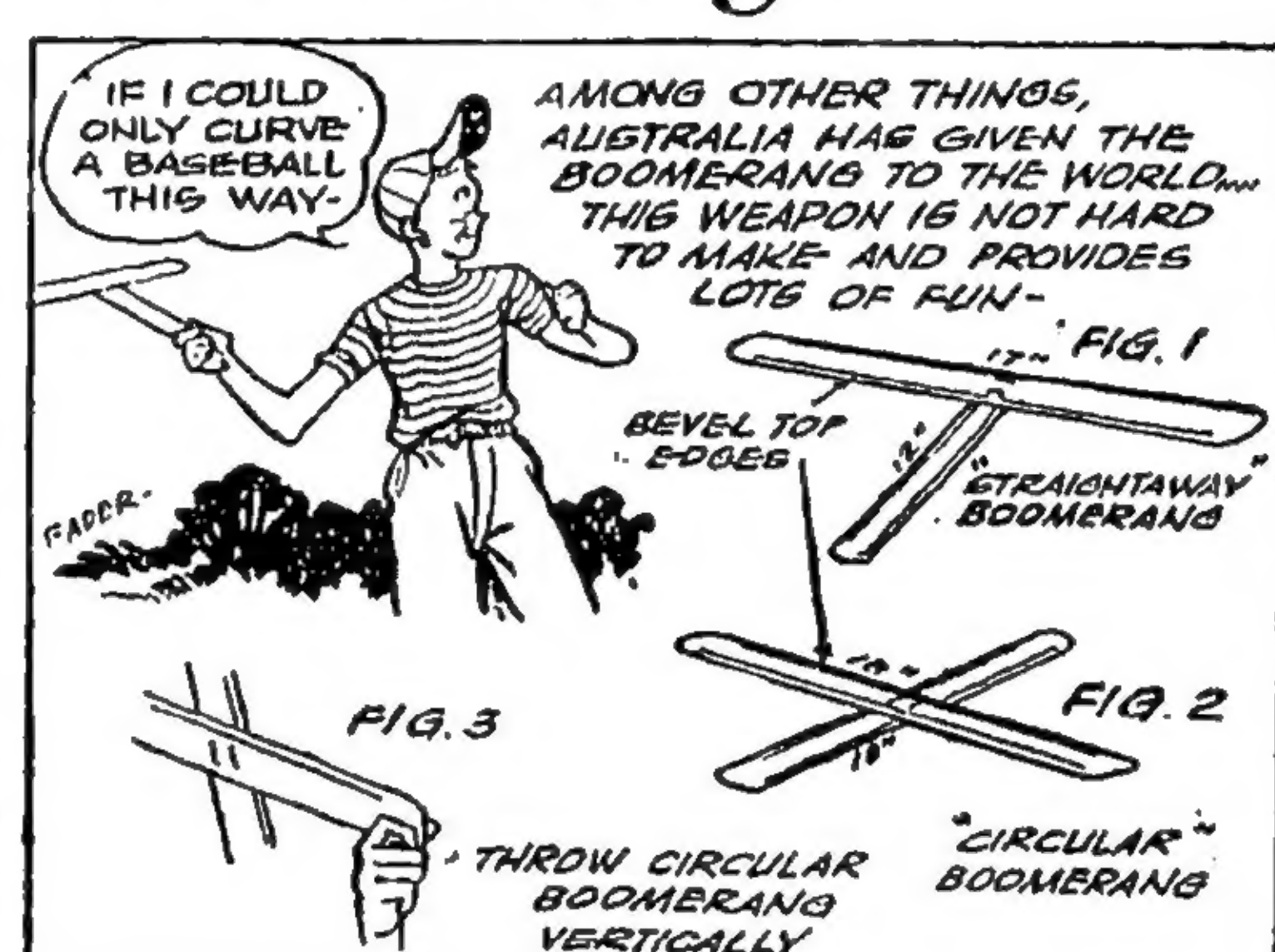
The longer arm is 17 inches in length, the shorter 12 inches, and each is 2 1/4 inches wide, with a quarter-inch bevel on the top edges. The two pieces are glued together, and then nailed with brads, three quarters of an inch long, the projecting ends of which are bent over and hammered down to make a very strong joint.

To throw the "straightaway" boomerang, grasp it by the end of the marked "T" with the short piece pointing backward. Hold it in a horizontal position, and throw it with all your strength, giving it a whirling motion as it leaves your hand. Throw it just as you would throw a piece of cardboard or a flat stone.

The boomerang in the form of letter "X" is called the "circular" because it often flies completely round the thrower in a circle about 60 feet in diameter.

The two pieces are each 18 inches long, 2 1/4 inches wide, and taper at the ends to 1 1/4 inches, and have a quarter-inch bevel on the top side. The two pieces are glued and bradged together.

To throw the "circular" grasp it by any one of the arms, and



Boomerangs always work best when a moderate wind is blowing. You can get interesting results by throwing them against, across, or with the wind.

## BEAVERS BUILD GOOD DAMS

THE forest ranger at Honey Lake frowned at the fallen pines and uprooted grass and shrubs. The winter floods in that section of northern California had gashed the mountain side. Those giant dams down below on the Sacramento and Pitt rivers held back what was already washed down.

If only there were some way of holding back those run-away streams, it would save both the timber and the grass.

Then Ben Beard remembered seeing beavers at work on a mountain at Idaho. Why couldn't beavers be made to do the job here?

The idea was ridiculously simple—so simple and ridiculous that Mr Beard's proposal was laughed at by the higher-ups in the nation's capital.

It took six more years of winter floods and patient prodding before Mr Beard was finally allowed to import three pairs of beavers, obtained from the Idaho fish and game commission.

These were released in the early summer of 1934 on Roland Creek at an elevation of 5,000 feet. Two log dams had been thrown together to give the beavers a start, and they got the idea at once and began building another dam.

Soon there were families of little beavers, and as they grew they left home to build dams of their own in other streams and to start more families. The young beaver is very independent and doesn't want to live too close to mama and papa.

Mr Beard now figures that his original three pairs have multiplied to some three hundred, which are at work from



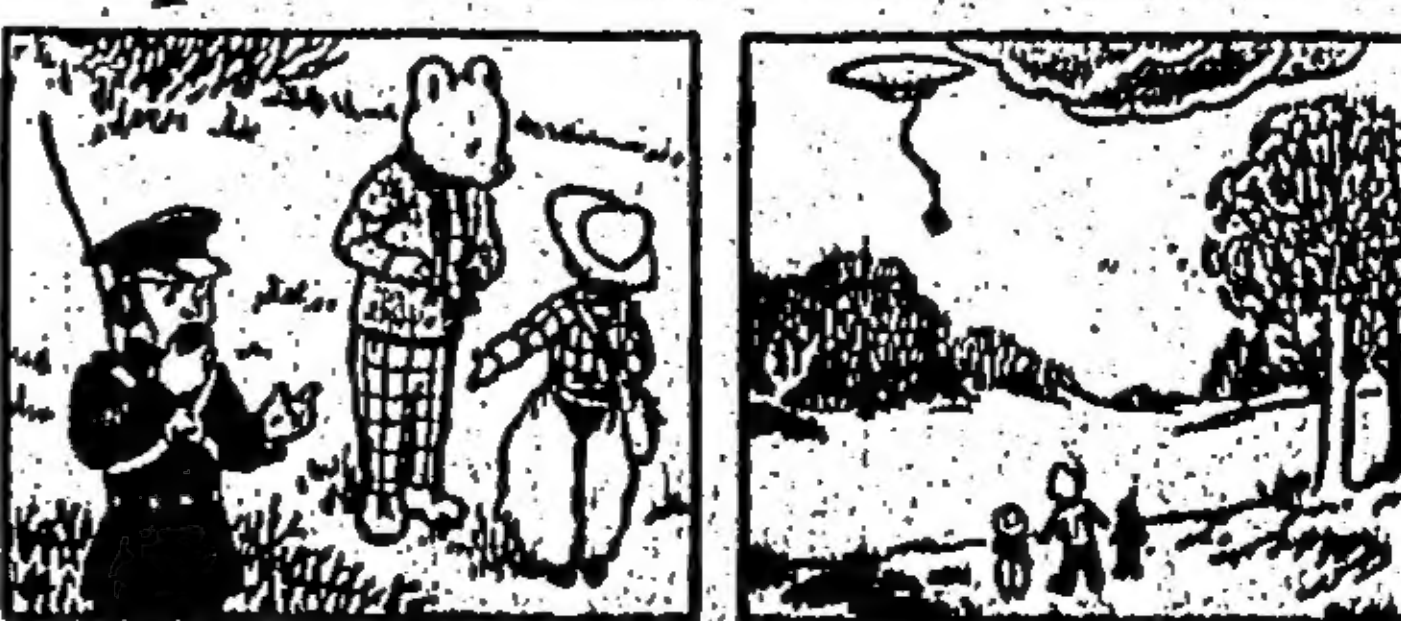
of rugged mountains in the Plumas National Forest. With the winter run-off of water thus checked, the mountainside stay green longer. The ponds also attract many other animals who like to make their homes along their banks. Birds and water fowl flock there, too, because of the certain food supply.

Fishing is improved, for with more food and water the fish grow faster and bigger.

What Mr Beard's forest friends have done for the Plumas National Forest, they are now being encouraged to do in many other national parks where conditions are similar.

—By Mark Wilcox

## Rupert and the New Boat—9



As length the two small people returned slowly to Rupert. "Well, I'm not at all surprised," said Rupert. "I'm not at all surprised," said Rupert. "I'm not at all surprised," said Rupert.

## Old Father Time Has Trouble Coaxing A Timid New Year Out

By FERN SIMMS

"DON'T say that," said Father Time, shaking his gray head sadly. "We need you. Why, you're the New Year."

The little fellow he spoke to looked down sheepishly. "I just can't help it. I'm scared."

Father Time stroked his long beard. "I know how you feel, but I'm too old to carry on. You're young. I need you to take over."

The little fellow looked up and his little red mouth quivered. "I'm thinking of all the trouble you said you had. Look at all the hurricanes and floods you told me about. That's a big job for a little fellow like me."

"But I can't carry on any longer," said the old one. "And if you don't, do you know what will happen? Why, time will stop! Come with me and I'll show you just what the world would be like if time stopped."

### If Time Stopped...

"But it looks cold out there," said the little one with a shiver. "I'm not dressed very warmly, you know."

"Here, wear my robe," Father Time draped his long robe around the little New Year. "Comfortable?"

"Kind of big and heavy," said a tiny voice out of the robe.

"Where are you?" asked Father Time, searching in the folds of the robe. "Oh, there you are. Here, get your head out so you can see where you're going."

Father Time walked ahead and the New Year followed him, stumbling over the long robe. "I'm tired already," he complained.

Father Time held out his hand and everything stood still. There wasn't a sound, and not a thing stirred. "Time is standing still," he said.

"How funny everything looks with nothing moving," said the little New Year.

Father Time pointed to a house. "Let's look in here. See, that's Johnny Blake's house. Look, he has the measles. If time stands still, Johnny will never get over the measles. He'll be lying there with those red polka dots all over him forever. But if time goes on, he'll be better in a few days. Then he can run and play with the other children."

### If It Went On...

He pointed to a pretty young girl standing at an empty mail box. "And over here, that's Mary Maribel. Poor Mary just stands there with her hand raised, but no letter. She looks so sad. That's because she had a spat with her sweetheart. She wanted a letter from him, but the little fellow nodded in none sense. Would you like her to go on and on with her unhappy face? The truth is that Tim will write tomorrow and the following day Mary will



receive the letter and be happy and gay again." Father Time laughed. "That's Freddie Allen, the boy who caught so many fish this summer. He's just swallowed a mouthful of castor oil. Freddie ate too much at yesterday's party. Imagine having a mouthful of castor oil forever and ever!"

The little fellow shuddered. "That must be awful. What would he do if time went on?" "Freddie? Why he might grow up to be a very important person. You should have seen him the day he caught all those fish. Why, he was so happy and excited! Oh, it was a beautiful day."

"You mean there are beautiful days too?"

"Why, sure," said Father Time. "It's not all floods and hurricanes and sorrow. Why, you should have been here the day school closed for the summer. What a happy day for the children. What smiling faces! And then there was Valentine's Day, too. Mary and Tim were certainly happy

then. Oh, there was mail for Mary that day—a big bright red heart! All the sweethearts were happy that day."

Father Time's face looked rested and happy as he thought back to the good days. He sighed. "And best of all was last week. That was Christmas week. A wonderful week to end the year. Everyone was gay. The whole world was bright and cheerful. Love spilled out all over. Yes, we had such wonderful days, too!"

### Bells Chime

The little New Year sighed deeply. "You're right. Time must go on. I must let Freddie Allen swallow that castor oil." His round little face brightened. "You know—I think I'm going to enjoy this job."

"Good boy!" said Father Time. "And you may wear my robe all year if you wish."

"Don't need it any more," said the peppy little fellow. "I'm not cold any longer. Listen! The bells are ringing in the New Year. I'm off to do my job. Goodbye, Father!"

"Goodbye son. Enjoy yourself, and good luck!"

## Mr. Merlin's Magic

—He Can Make an Ordinary Carpet Fly—

By MAX TRELL

"BUT, Knarl," said Hanid, the shadow-girl to her brother, "this is all very foolish. You can't sit on that carpet all day long and I'm sure it won't fly."

Knarl stubbornly shook his head.

"I read a story in a book," he said, "about a prince who sat on a carpet. All of a sudden, the carpet flew around like an aeroplane."

"It was a magic carpet," said Hanid. "That carpet you're sitting on is just an ordinary carpet."

"No reason why it shouldn't," said Mr. Merlin.

"You mean you can make it fly," explained Hanid.

"I don't see why not," said Mr. Merlin. "Birds fly. Flies fly. Leaves fall off a tree and fly. It shouldn't be too much trouble to expect a little carpet like this to fly."

"I'd just like to see it fly," said Hanid.

"Just sit down on it," said Mr. Merlin. "Well, a what we can do about getting this carpet to fly. Any place in particular you would like it to fly to?" Mr. Merlin asked Knarl.

"Just around the block," said Knarl.

"Good luck with your flying carpet," Mr. Merlin said to Knarl and Hanid.

Alas, the next day when Knarl and Hanid sat on the carpet, crossing his legs under the carpet, and commanded it to fly, it didn't fly at all. "Oh, dear," said Hanid, "only with the three of them sitting on it, things were a bit crowded."



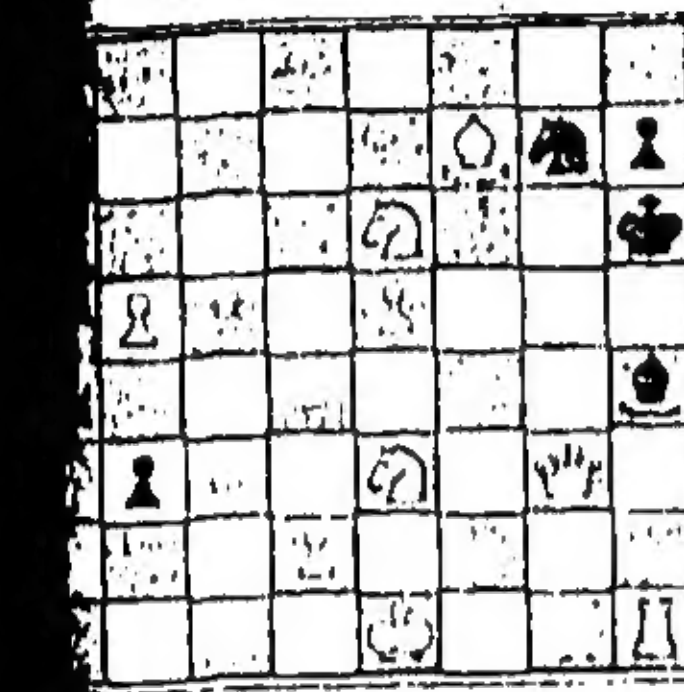
# FREE OUR POWs' SAY THE ANGRY GERMANS

From WILLIAM HAMSHER

Bonn. Thousands of men you promised to send home? The men's relatives, angry and dismayed at the prospect of another lonely year, are demanding action from their West German M.P.s who, in turn, are pressing Adenauer's Government to put this question to the Russians shortly: are you keeping back

## CHESS PROBLEM

By PHILIP BARRON  
Black, 7 pieces.



White: 10 pieces.  
To play: mate in two.  
Solution to yesterday's:

Q4, and P. Q. H. in K1.

## TARGET

HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the word 'SALVATION'?

Each word must contain the letter 'S'. No plurals; no foreign words; proper names. TODAY'S 12: 21 words, good; 20 very good; 31 words, excellent. Solution on Monday.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: Also 12: 21 words, good; 20 very good; 31 words, excellent. Solution on Monday.

ideal Gift for friends —

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VOLUME II

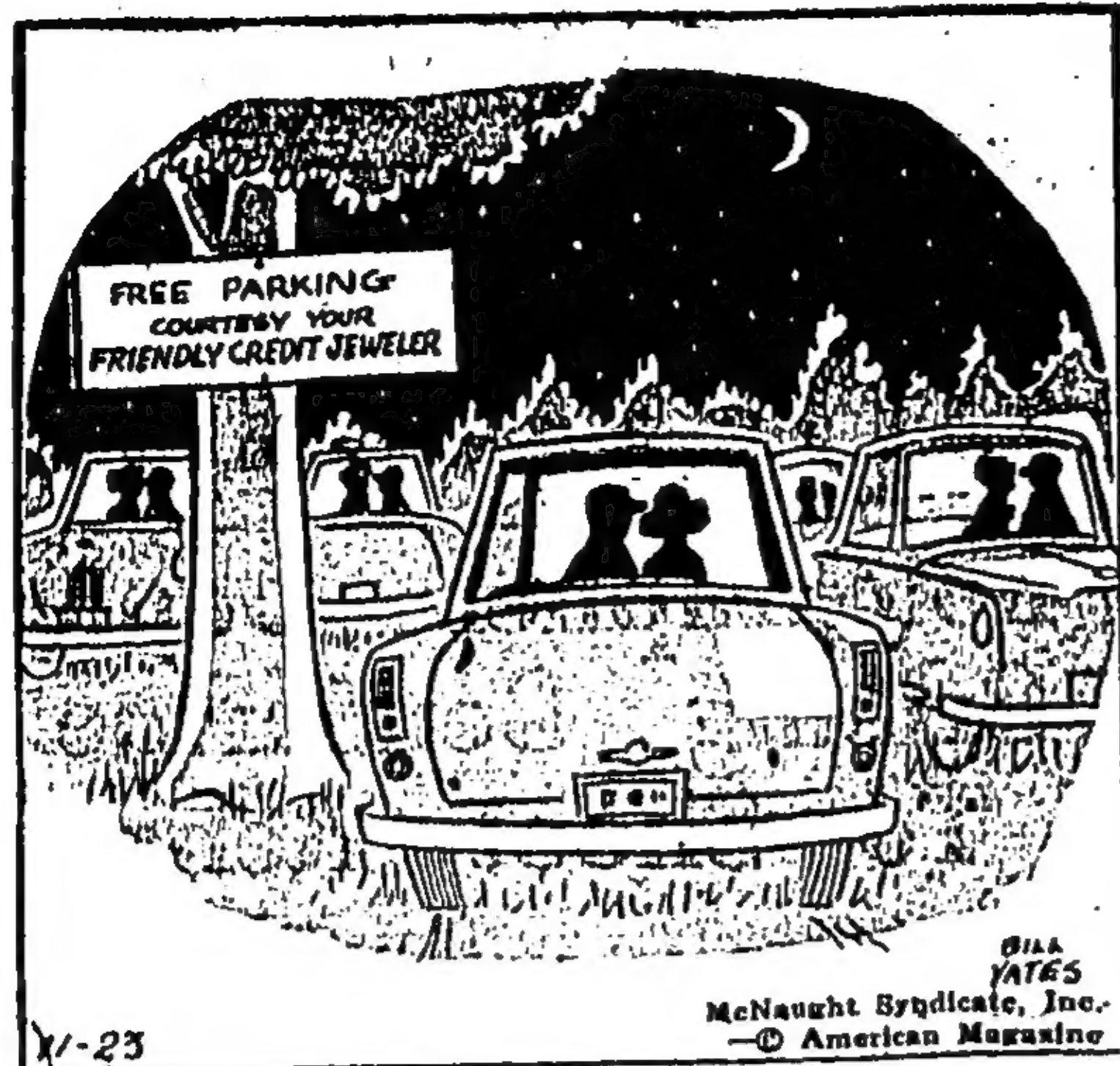


by  
V. R. BURKHARDT  
Illustrated by the Author  
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## This Funny World



## • JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Good Timing Is  
Bridge Must

By OSWALD JACOBY

OUR times on the play of trump contracts continues with a new wrinkle in ruffing tricks. The time to take a ruffing trick is when it will do you the most good. Let's see how this is illustrated in today's hand.

West opens the Jack of hearts, dummy puts up the queen, and East covers with the king. South is disappointed since he hoped that the queen of hearts would hold the trick. South controls his emotions, enough to refuse the first trick. This allows South to choose the exact moment for ruffing a heart in dummy.

East returns the queen of spades, and South wins with the ace. South follows with the king.

NORTH 27			
♠ 10 4 3			
♥ Q 2			
♦ A 10 3			
♣ A K 9 7 4			
WEST			
♠ 8 5			
♥ J 10 8 5 4			
♦ K 8 7 2			
♣ 10 0			
EAST			
♠ Q J 9			
♥ K 8 7			
♦ J 9 5			
♣ J 5 2			
SOUTH (D)			
♠ A K 7 6 2			
♥ A 6 3			
♦ Q 6 4			
♣ 8 3			
North-South vul.			
1 ♠ Pass	2 ♠ Pass	3 ♠ Pass	4 ♠ Pass
2 ♠ Pass	3 ♠ Pass	4 ♠ Pass	5 ♠ Pass
Opening lead—♥ J			

of spades. Only one ruff is needed in dummy, so South can afford to draw two of dummy's three trumps.

It is still too early to ruff the heart. First South takes dummy's top clubs and ruffs a club in his hand. Declarer was hoping that the suit would break 3-3, but he can cope with the actual 4-2 club break.

Only after ruffing the third round of clubs in his own hand can South afford to ruff a heart in the dummy. First, of course, he cashes the ace of hearts. Then he ruffs his last heart in the dummy. Not only does this provide the ruffing trick, but it also gets him to dummy in time to ruff another club.

The second ruff establishes dummy's last club. South can lead a diamond to dummy's ace to lead the last club from dummy. If East discards, the club gives declarer his contract; and if East ruffs, South's last trump is his tenth trick.

If South took the ace of hearts at the first trick and returned the suit, East could lead a third heart at once. This would force dummy to ruff before the clubs had been well begun, and declarer would be unable to establish dummy's last club.

## ♥ CARD SENSE

The bidding has been:  
North: 1 ♠  
East: 2 ♠  
South: 3 ♠  
West: 4 ♠  
You, South, hold:  
♠ A K 10 8 5 4 3 2 ♠ A Q 2 ♠ Q 6  
What do you do?  
A—Bid three diamonds. With 12 points, you should show a desire to get to game. If you partner had a heart stopper, he can bid the game in no-trump. If he has spades, you will be able to make a game in spades. Otherwise, you may have a minor-suit game.

TODAY'S QUESTION  
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:  
♠ A K 10 8 5 4 3 2 ♠ A Q 2 ♠ Q 6  
What do you do?

Answer on Monday.

## • BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

"WHAT," asked the magistrate, "were your husband doing at the back door to early in the morning?"

"He was mowing," said the woman. "And he had drunk the sauce of milk I left out for the cat. He said he was one of the Buckinghamshire elves and had flown from Syria." Did he mean he had come by plane? asked the magistrate. "Not he," said the woman. "He said he had come on a wire fixed to the scenery. Like any other elf, and he had made himself a pointed hat out of a cabbage, and he called me Good Dame Marabelle. Though me name's Ada, and he said these trousers away and bring me some legins, and he said he had an appointment with some goblins in a forest glade. I couldn't make nor head nor tail of it all and then the kupper fell out of his pocket and we had a good laugh." "A homely touch," vouchsafed the magistrate, non-communally.

## One hat for 629 people

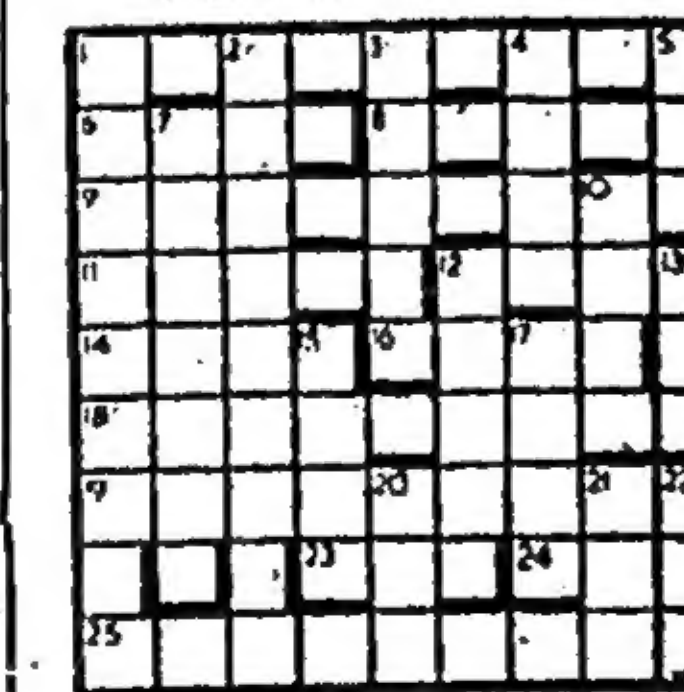
WHEN a member of the august assembly just known as the House of Commons is asked to make a point, he has to remain seated and put on the communal hat provided for that purpose. It is a very moving ceremony, but the hat has grown old in public service, and there are rumours that it will soon be replaced. The plan will go to the Natural History Museum after being immortalized in bronze by a leading sculptor. I hope the new hat will be a comic one, like those worn at the seaside, with "See You" or some other old English witticism printed on the band. What happens, by the way, when a lady member, whose hat has been eaten by dogs, wishes to raise a point of order and is handed the Male Hat?

## Even her mudguards

are sophisticated  
This car has grace and charm. She is a lady, and will repay care and attention.

(Motoring note.)  
WHAT a pity she can't drink anything but petrol. By the way, the new Thanet, which accelerates to 80 miles an hour in two seconds, has door-handles in the shape of hands. They must be manicured regularly and the nails varnished, so that it is a pleasure to strike hands with her door.

## CROSSWORD



- Across
- An absence of hills, but L.O.O.s are present. (9)
  - Leave out. (3)
  - Patience turned back finds a. (4)
  - Music without compulsion. (9)
  - The ruling set. (5)
  - Close money-lender. (4)
  - An anagram of the above. (4)
  - The old boy goes in the school. (4)
  - Place Tom's anagram. (9)
  - Hundreds and these make tiny swells. (9)
  - Jack for a sailorman. (8)
  - On in this to me and sup. (8)
  - It's business-like to ready for this. (9)

- Down
- Spread out a note and get money of the vases inside. (9)
  - Discs involved to North East. (4)
  - Haven. (6)
  - At get a stage direction — and then put up to be a son. (4)
  - Wily. (3)
  - Don't come to the Scottish lakes. (7)
  - It's Comarty's partner, on the 10. (4)
  - This describes a system for all of us. (3)
  - Beat. (3)
  - All French. (4)
  - Prohibitions. (4)
  - Old returns. (4)
  - See a duke. (4)
  - Of days in the. (4)
  - Wato b. e. v. (4)

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31

BORN today, on this last day of the outgoing year, you are gifted with talent. Yet you are so versatile that you run the danger of never coming to the point where you specialize in any one thing. This is a mistake, for it means that you may not achieve the fame which otherwise might be yours.

The sciences, literature, politics, music and art are but a few of the very diverse fields in which you might find you have talent. Parents of children born on this day should help their progeny to find a single interest, concentrate on it, and finish one job before going on to another. In this way, the right pattern for adult life will be drawn and the proper kind of working habits formed.

All of you have a demonstrative and loving nature. You must have affection and will have close home and family ties. It would be well for you to wed at an early age, for you will be happiest when you have your own family growing up around you.

Among those born on this date are: Lord Cornwallis, soldier; Emilio Lohbe, French President; Alexander Winchell, geologist; Edward Hand, patriot; Henri Matisse, artist; Douglas Scott, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1956

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) —Plenty of rest is probably what you are craving this New Year's Day. Remain at home, quietly.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) —It might be a good idea to give a serious thought to your future. Much can depend upon a decision.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) —In balancing last year's accomplishments, you may wish you had done more. Make a few good resolves.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20) —Paying New Year's calls may be considered old-fashioned, but some shut-in might be made very happy if you did.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21) —You may discover that spiritual advice is very helpful to you in solving a personal problem. Try it.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21) —If you are in a ordinary about some personal problem, seek expert advice. It often helps.

CANCER (June 22-July 23) —This may be a memorable day for you—the beginning of a new environment.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23) —If you are not feeling quite up to par, take the week-end to rest up and renew your energies.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) —You may decide to entertain a few close friends this afternoon or evening. You should enjoy yourself.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) —You may be able to enjoy the fruits of your triumph today and for the rest of the year.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) —The New Year should bring you a new idea and the ability to carry it through successfully.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) —Resolve to carry out your most objective during the coming year. Don't allow interference.

BORN today, you are a natural executive and a leader in your own sphere. You have a strong, positive personality and command respect from all those with whom you come in contact. You are always the one to take the initiative at moments when there is a question whether to act. It may appear to be impulsive; more likely, it is a star-given talent of intuitive decision.

You have a good sense for business and will make considerable money during your lifetime. You enjoy travel and are very fond of your own home and friends and always will want an established residence to which you may return.

While you have a magnetic personality, which attracts others into your orbit, you are not one to give your friendship lightly. And, you reserve your real love and affection for those within your own family circle. All signs point to an early and happy marriage. You of the fair sex are fine home managers just as you men are at your shop or office.

Among those who were born on this date are: General Anthony Wayne and Paul Revere, patriots; Richard Cox, educator; Catherine D. Bowen, author; Bert Acosta, aviation pioneer; William Haines, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JANUARY 2

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) —Use this extra day in the long week-end to get ready to go back to work, well rested and refreshed.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) —This is not the time to change your mind. Once you have made your decision, stick by it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) —You may be able to make a careful blueprint for the coming year's activities. Then stick to it.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20) —Do something today that you have been wanting to have time for lately. Read a good book.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21) —This can be a profitable day at home if you put the time to good use doing something important.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21) —Things should now be looking up again. A new year and a new star gives you ambition and enthusiasm.

CANCER (June 22-July 23) —You may have some adjusting to do, but if you are neighbourly and diplomatic, you can accomplish it.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23) —You will begin to feel more ambitious now and will want to get going on something really important to your future.

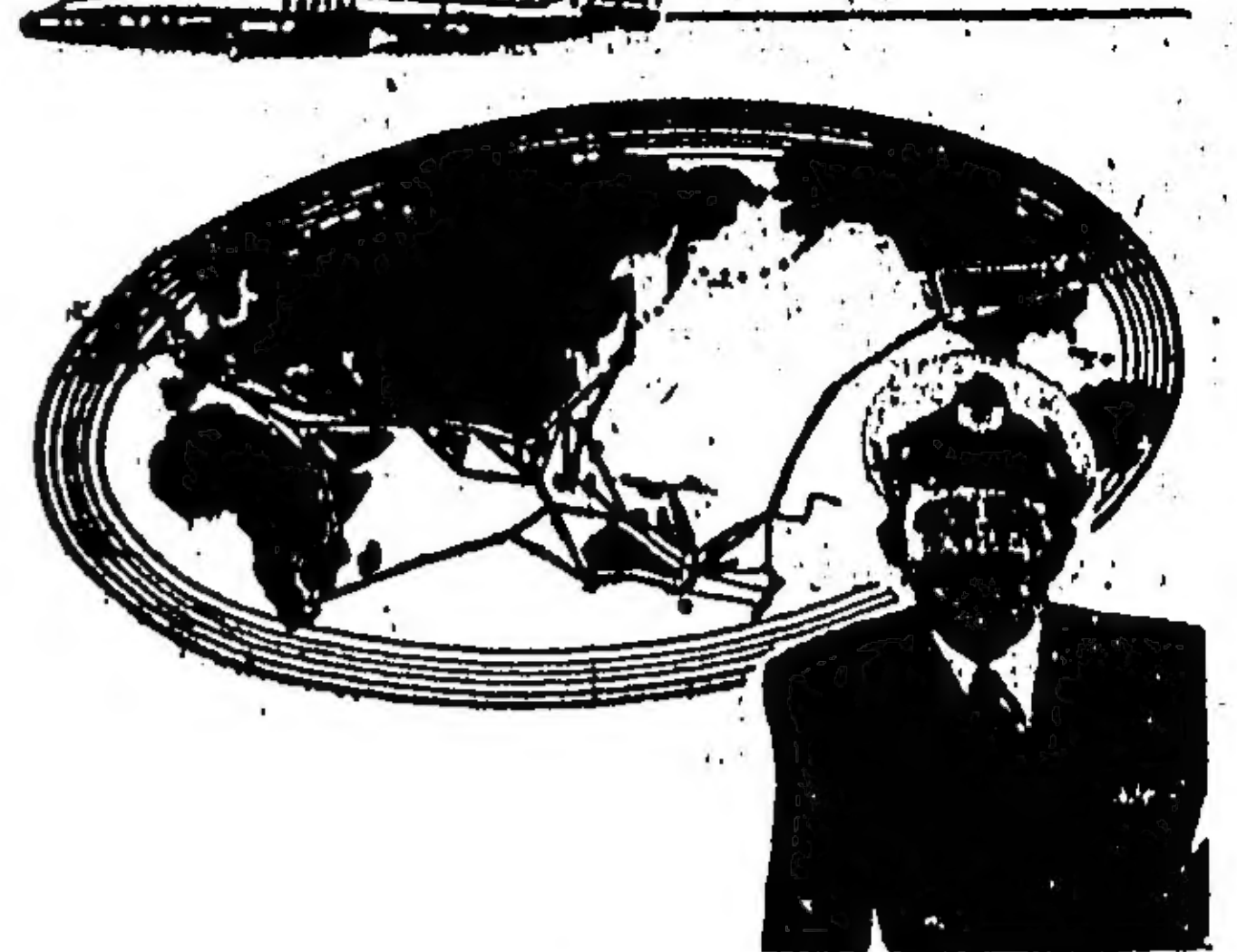
VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) —Clear the decks at home for a very busy week at your job. There'll be plenty to do there tomorrow.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) —There may be some real happiness in store for you and perhaps something to celebrate for.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) —Develop yesterday's idea more thoroughly and be ready to put it into operation tomorrow.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) —You may need to drop some activities to make room for others, more rewarding. Rearrange your schedule.

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